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Second Anniversary Issue march 1956

The Trial and Triumph of Fritz Reiner

'DE PARK: ADOLESCENCE some very personal impressions by STEVE ALLEN

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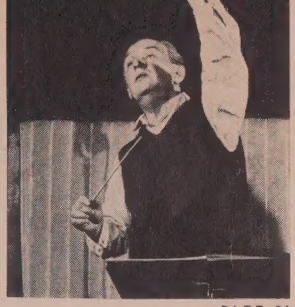

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Chicago

March 1956

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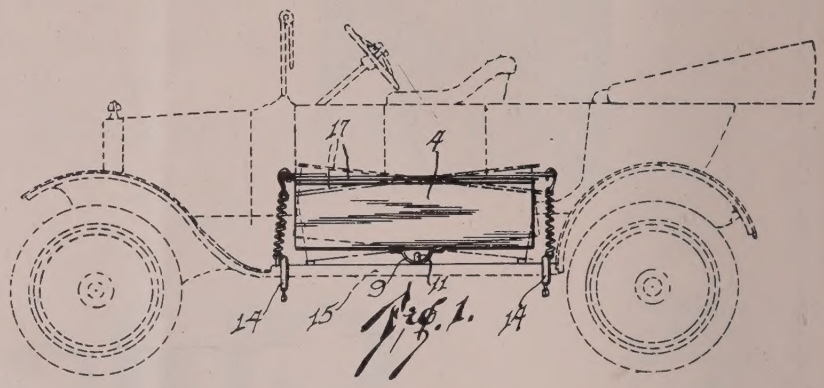
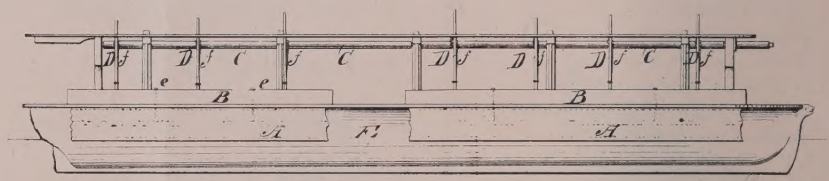
Our Forgotten Scientists

by Mike Rivise

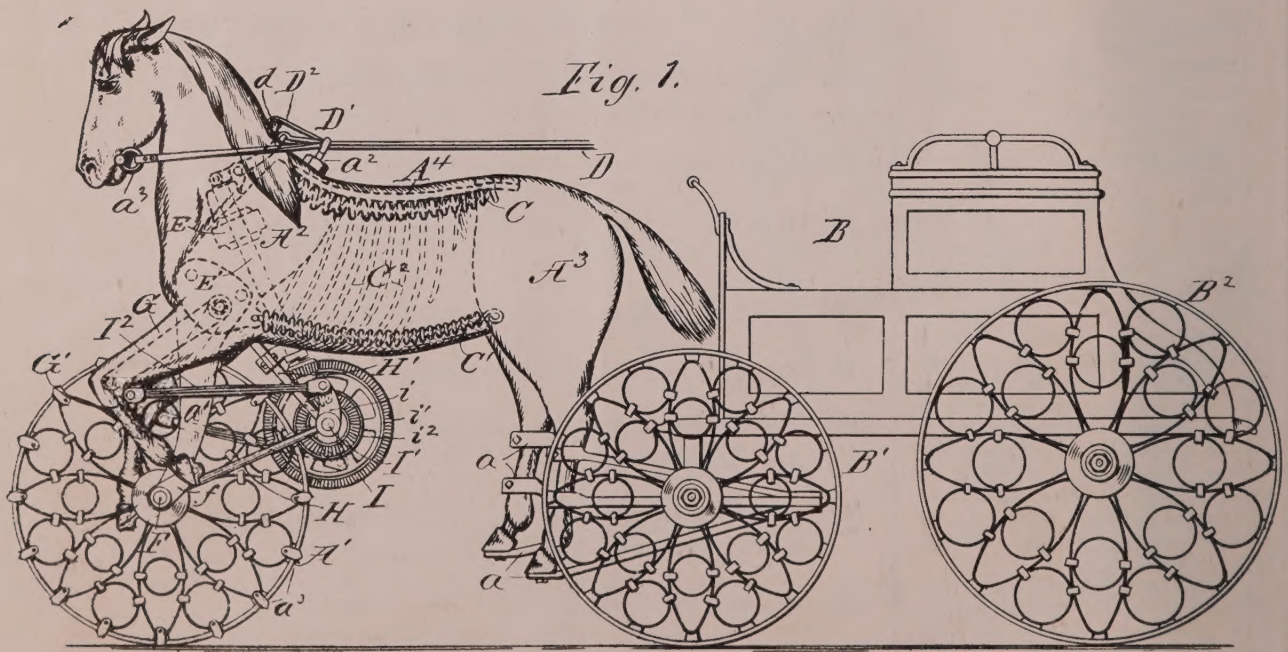
Those who would make their fortunes by exploiting the ideas of others are cautioned not to try it with any of the devices shown here. In the first place, all of them have been patented; in the second, they have never sold very well. The Yankee ingenuity their inventors displayed has not been acclaimed at political meetings or in textbooks. All of these innovators were from the Chicago area; only one of them ever gained renown beyond his own community. And although he is conceded to have been a man of diverse abilities, inventing is not generally thought of as a primary one. The frustration met by these earlier experimenters in attempting to market horseless carriages with horses and jiggling falsies has not discouraged their spiritual descendants. In recent years, our basement inventors have patented such items as inflatable rubber bumpers for cars, a wringer to squeeze a toothpaste tube, a tea bag swirler and a cocktail glass that sounds off when it's empty. All of the drawings reproduced here are the official ones from U. S. Patent office files.



Taking advantage of the roughness of the highways in 1926, J. L. Grant, one Chicago tinkerer, patented clothes-washing attachment for an automobile. Secured to the running board by springs, the tank was supposed to rock back and forth with the motion of the car.



A patent application granted in 1849 began, "Be it known that I, Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, in the County of Sangamon, in the State of Illinois, have invented a new and improved manner of combining adjustable buoyant air chambers with a steamboat . . . for the purpose of enabling their draught of water to be readily lessened to enable them to pass over bars, or through shallow water . . ." Chambers, running the length of the boat and made with sides of "india-rubber cloth," were to be filled with air and forced down into the water by steam power when shoals were encountered.



Perhaps in response to early cries of "Get a horse," T. J. Thorp, a resident of this city, invented a "self-propelling vehicle" with an electric motor mounted inside an equine framework. The horse had a wheel between its front legs and two in back, so it could be detached from the carriage and ridden as a kind of tricycle. The patent was granted in 1893.

C. W. WALLER.
ALARM CLOCK.
APPLICATION FILED AUG. 22, 1919.

1,366,983. Patented Feb. 1, 1921.

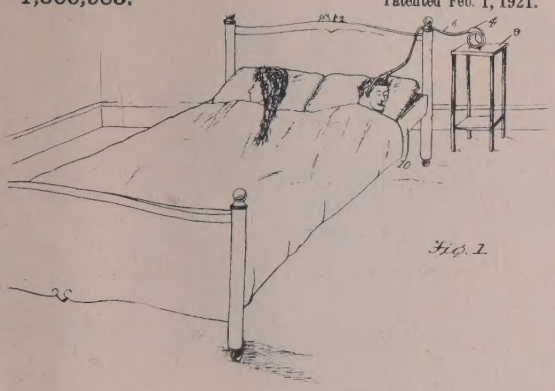


Fig. 1.

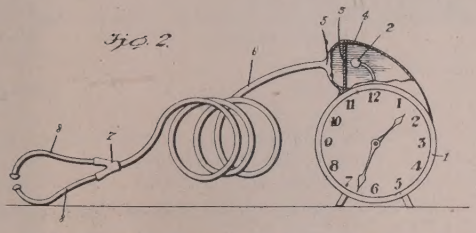


Fig. 2.

Among hundreds of alarm clock inventions on file is a private one patented in 1921 by Chicagoan Charles W. Waller. A hammer on top of the clock would strike a diaphragm and transmit a soft rapping sound through the stethoscope to the ears of the husband alone. His wife and her long tresses would supposedly be undisturbed —while he got up and made his own breakfast.

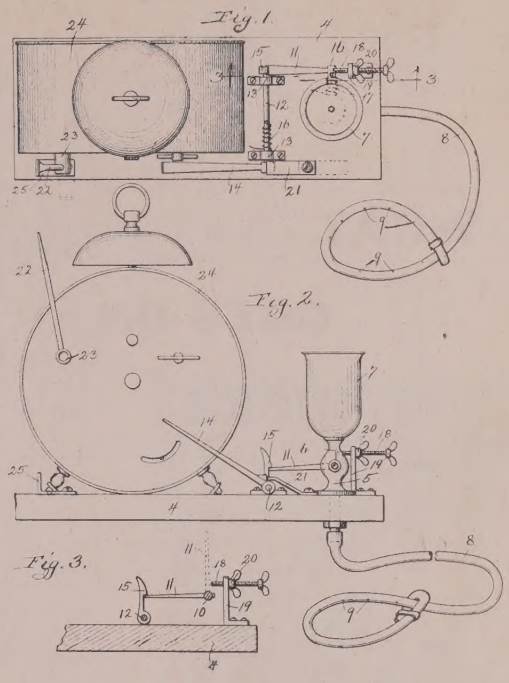


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Another local alarmist, George Hogan, got a patent in 1908 on a device which doused the sleeper with water. The clock opened a valve below a cup, causing water to flow through a hose with perforations in one end, which was wrapped around the sleeper's neck. Apparently a man of iron nerves, Hogan claimed, "the person is awakened without a shock of any kind."

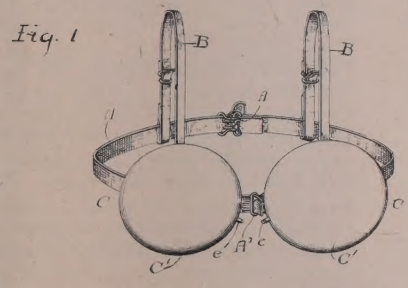


Fig. 1

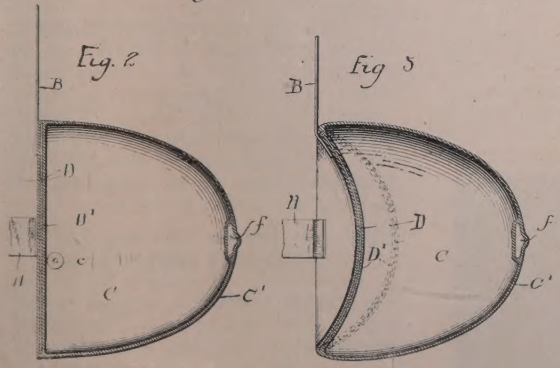


Fig. 2

Fig 3

Acknowledging that inflatable falsies had already been invented, Oliver C. Dennis of Chicago took out a patent on an improved model in 1912. Pointing out that "when pneumatic pads are inflated and covered by garments, the bosom is sometimes rather lifeless in appearance," Dennis equipped his version with weights in front so that, "they will not have the appearance of lifeless members, will vibrate responsively to movements of the wearer."

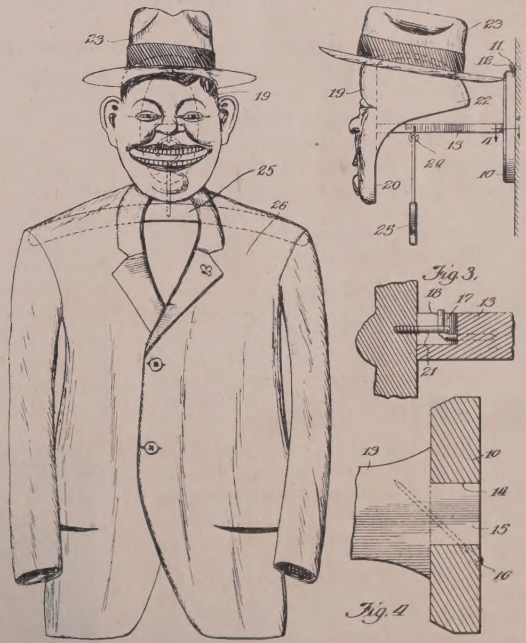


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4

In 1930, Domenic M. Campana of Wilmette got a patent on a coat hanger and hat rack that would look like a man when in full use. Said Campana in his application, "The face may be decorated so as to appear grotesque or humorous so as to attract attention. The device may be used for displaying goods or may be used as a novelty in public places, such as restaurants, and many other places will suggest themselves to others interested in the art."

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listing of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Marcel Marceau, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). This French mime artist puts on a show in the Commedia dell' Arte tradition. Through March 12, performance times to be announced.

Inherit the Wind, Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). Darwin, the Bible and the newspapers, Clarence Darrow (Melvyn Douglas), William Jennings Bryan (James Westerfield) and H. L. Mencken (William Woodson) in a serious drama based on the 1925 Scopes trial. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Plain and Fancy, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Alexis Smith and Stephen Craig and a chorus portray Amish folk from Pennsylvania who sing and dance. Nightly, 8:30 (Sun., 7 p.m. curtain); mat. Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Burgess Meredith and Hugh Reilly still have a fresh concern with democracy and Okinawa. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Pajama Game, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A hearty musical with a hearty run. Fran Warren, Larry Douglas and Buster West star. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The second of the wide-screened extravaganzas glorifies European as well as American scenery. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon., Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun. 2 & 5.

Goodman Memorial theater, Monroe st. and Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Shakespeare's "King Lear." March 9 through 25, Wed., Fri.-Sun., 8:20 p.m. Tue. and Thu., 7:30 p.m. No performances March 11, 18.

Northwestern University, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Jean Anouilh's "Thieves' Carnival." March 2, 3 and 4, 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Fritz Reiner, cond.

March: 1 (Thu.) & **2** (Fri.), Jascha Heifetz, violin, soloist; "The Birds," Respighi; Symphony No. 7, Milhaud; Violin Concerto in D Minor, Brahms. **8** (Thu.) & **9** (Fri.), Victoria de Los Angeles, soprano, soloist; "Euphorion," Heiden; "Summer Nights" song cycle, Berlioz; "Canto a Sevilla," Turina; "Fete Dieu a Seville" and "Triana," Albeniz. **13** (Tue.), Andres Segovia, guitar, soloist; Overture to "Nabucco," Verdi; "The Birds," Respighi; Symphony No. 5, Beethoven; Fantasia Concertante for Guitar and Orchestra, Villa-Lobos. **15** (Thu.) & **16** (Fri.), Andres Segovia, guitar, soloist; Symphony in D Major No. 38, K. 504, Mozart; "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Suite, Richard Strauss; Fantasia Concertante for Guitar and Orchestra, Villa-Lobos. **22** (Thu.) & **23** (Fri.), Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, soloist; "Capriccio," Opus 21, Von Einem; Cello Concerto, Dvorak; Symphony No. 5, Tschaikovsky. **29** (Thu.) & **30** (Fri.), Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, soloist, and the Northwestern university chorus; Good Friday Music, "Parsifal," Wagner; Symphony of Psalms, Stravinsky; Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor, Brahms. **31** (Sat.), program to be announced. All programs are subject to change.

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **March: 3,** 8:30 p.m., Richard Tucker, tenor; **4,** 3:30 p.m., Yehudi Menuhin, violin; **10,** 8:30 p.m., Virtuosi Di Roma; **11,** 3:30 p.m., Artur Rubinstein, piano; **17,** 8:30 p.m., Irmgard Seefried, soprano; **18,** 3:30 p.m., Boston Pops Tour orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, cond.; **24,** 8:30 p.m., Jascha Heifetz, violin; **25,** 3:30 p.m., Byron Janis, piano; **25,** 8:30 p.m. (8th street theater), Anna Russell.

Community Symphony orchestra, Thorne hall, Lake Shore at Superior (CE 6-3445). Cecil Leeson, saxophone, Burton Scalin,

piano, soloists. March 4, 3:30 p.m.

Compositions by Karel B. Jirak, Chicago Musical college of Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). March 7, 8:15 p.m.

Fine Arts Quartet, 1020 Art Center, 1020 N. Lake Shore drive (MI 2-2433). March 7, 8:30 p.m.

Rudolph Ganz, Lillian Najarian, Marion Hall and **Felix Ganz, piano recital,** Roosevelt university (WA 2-3580). March 7, 12:40 p.m.

Jewish Peoples Choral society, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). March 3, 8:30 p.m.

Lyon-Healy Young Artists recital series, Lyon-Healy Concert hall, 64 e. Jackson (WA 2-7900). **March: 5,** Amedeo Bacci, tenor, Suzanne Wall, piano; **12,** Gloria Burt, harp, Charles Walker, piano; **19,** Lance C. Lawson, cello, Virginia McTigue, piano; **26,** Stanley Davis, clarinet, Joseph Gattone, piano. 8 p.m.

Parrenin quartet, University of Chicago, Mandel hall, 57th and University (MI 3-0800). Jacques Parrenin and Marcel Charpentier, violin, Serge Collot, viola, Pierre Penassou, cello. March 9, 8:30 p.m.

Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia, Roosevelt university (WA 2-3580). March 21, 8:15 p.m.

Richard Pick, guitar, and the **Vocal Ensemble** of Chicago Artists for Chamber Music, Arts Club, 109 e. Ontario (HI 5-2121). March 14, 11:30 a.m.

Angel Reyes, violin, Northwestern university, Lutkin hall, University place at Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907). March 4, 4 p.m.

School of the Art Institute Glee club, Fullerton hall (CE 6-7080). March 7 and 11, 3:15 p.m.

Pete Seeger and **Gerri Armstrong,** Mandel hall (MI 3-0800). A concert of American folk music. March 4, 8 p.m.

University Concert band, Cahn auditorium, Sheridan rd. at Emerson, Evanston (UN 4-1907). John Paynter, cond. March 6, 8:15 p.m.

University of Dubuque choir, 8th street theater, 741 s. Wabash (HA 7-7595). March 27, 8:20 p.m.

Constance Eberling, piano, Roosevelt university (WA 2-3580). March 21, 12:40 p.m.

DANCE

Ballet theater, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Ruth Ann Loesun, Eric Braun, Rosella Hightower. March 1-3, 8:30 p.m.; mat., March 3, 2:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Golden Gloves, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). City finals of the annual amateur boxing tournament, March 9, 8 p.m.

Spring and Easter Flower show, Lincoln Park (Fullerton and Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). From March 25 through April 8, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Daily News relays, Chicago stadium (SE 3-5300). March 24, starting time to be announced. Amateur track meet.

Int'l. Kennel Club Dog show, Int'l. amphitheater, 43rd and Halsted (YA 7-5580). March 31 and April 1, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Shrine circus, Medinah temple, 600 n. Wabash (WH 3-2200). March 2 through 18. Afternoon and evening performances. March 2, 6-9, 13-16, 2 & 7 p.m.; March 3, 2 & 8 p.m.; March 5 & 12, 7 p.m.; March 4, 10-11, 17-18, 1, 3:45 & 8 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New Exhibits:** from March 8, Fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition by artists of Chicago and vicinity, east wing galleries. From March 1, The New Generation in Europe, paintings, watercolors and drawings from the Institute's collection, gallery of art interpretation. From March 15, photographs by Arnold Genthe, gallery 5, main floor. **Continuing:** etchings and lithographs by Matisse, Chagall, Rouault and others from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro, gallery 11; drawings and prints by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, Sutherland, Ensor, Kirchner, Miro and Braque from the Curt Valentin bequest to the Institute, galleries 13 and 16; Oriental textiles lent from the collection of Miss Elizabeth Cheney, through March 25, gallery H-9. Permanent: Thorne Miniature rooms, sixty-seven American and European miniature rooms, gallery A-12. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free, Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Albert Bloch, paintings. From March 12, Renaissance society, University of Chicago, Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th (MI 3-0800 ext. 1218). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Don Bronstein, photographs, sculpture by David Brooks and an exhibition of paintings in mixed media by the **Mid-North artists.** Riccardo restaurant and gallery, 437 n. Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. until 3 a.m.; Sun., 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Peggy Palmer Burrow, paintings. Through March, Chess house, 111 e. Oak (WH 4-8486). Mon.-Thu., 11:30 a.m. to midnight; Fri.-Sat., until 1 a.m.

Frank Carioti, photographs from Europe. Through March, Frank Ryan Contemporary Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., daily; Wed. until 6 p.m.

Contemporary French painters, with works by **Bonnard, Braque, Edzard, Rouault, Utrillo, Vlaminck** and **Vuillard.** Included in the exhibition are lithographs and posters. British Pageantry: paintings by **Molly Guion.** Through March, Marshall Field galleries, south Wabash room, 2nd floor, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000, ext. 2213). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. **Frank V. Dudley, paintings** of the dunes in all seasons. Through March. Chicago galleries association, 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Lydia Fu, exhibition of weaving and silk-screen fabrics, **Gordon L. Markwart,** jewelry. From March 2, Chicago Public library, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sat. until 5 p.m.

Lillian Desow Fishbein, Jeanette Kann and **Victor Perlmutter, paintings.** Through March, Mandel Brothers galleries, 8th floor, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon. and Thurs., 9:15 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; other weekdays until 5:45 p.m.

Jerome Gould, printing and design. From March 13, S.T.A.-Normandy house gallery, 800 n. Michigan (MI 2-3141). Daily, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Frank Kleinholz, paintings. From March 23, Palmer house galleries, Shop 301, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Paintings and sculpture by **Leighton, Miniz, Pattison, Hanson, Stanton, Lanyon, Engelhard, Chassaing, Dauhausen** and **Perkins.** Through March, Myrtle Todes gallery, 909 Linden avenue, Hubbard Woods (WI 6-1999). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Variations on a Theme of Venice, paintings by seventeen contemporary artists, through March 15. Opening March 16, **Joseph Solman, paintings.** Main Street Bookstore gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. until 6 p.m.

Exhibition of works by the **North Shore Art Guild.** Through March, Swiss Chalet galleries, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Mies van der Rohe architecture. From March 27, Institute of Design, Illinois Institute of Technology, Architecture-Design building, 10 w. 34th (CA 5-9600). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Midwest Printmakers show. Through March. 1020 Art Center, 1020 n. Lake Shore drive. (MI 2-2433).

Carl Schwartz, paintings, drawings and **lithographs, Kay Hoffman, sculpture** in terra cotta, marble, metal wood and plaster. Through March, The Lantern, 741 n. Rush (SU 7-1792). Tues.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Mon. and Sat. until 6 p.m.

Graphic design by R. Thomas Schorer. Through March, Segno galleries, 821 Chestnut court, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., until 9 p.m., Thu.

Spring exhibitions of paintings, water colors and sculpture by local artists, with works by **Alice Mason, Francis Foy, Robert Baily** and **Helen Weinberg.** Through March, Cromer and Quint galleries, 615 n. State

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(DE 7-5637). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Saul Steinberg, recent drawings. Through March, Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Fritz Wotruba, sculpture. Through March 20. Professional members' annual exhibition. From March 25, The Arts club, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art Through Travel:** "Hi Ho! West Indies," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, March 4; "African Safari—From Cape Town to Congo," Sadie Kalmon, March 18; "Sketching Through Europe," Addis Osborne, March 24. 2:30 and 4 p.m. **Gallery talks:** "For Whom They Posed: A Series on the Portrait." "The 18th Century and the Gentle Art of Portraiture," Frederick A. Sweet, gallery 27, March 6; "In Search of Portraiture in the Decorative Arts," Mildred Davison and Vivian Scheidemantel, gallery M-6, March 13; "The Portrait Printmakers of Japan," Margaret Gentles, gallery H-5, March 20; "Renoir, Degas and the Informal Portrait," George D. Culler, gallery 32, March 27. 11 a.m.

Burton Holmes travelogs, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Fri., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 2 p.m.; Mon., 8 p.m.
March 2, 3 and 5, "Cruise to Rio," Robert Mallett; March 9, 10 and 12, "The Beautiful Kingdom of Sweden," Robert Mallett; March 16, 17 and 19, "Today's Japan," Robert Mallett.

College of Complexes, 862 n. State (WH 4-9028). March 2, "Should American Theatres be Cleaned Up?" Fred South; March 9, "Will the Farmers Defeat Ike?" Douglas Anderson; March 16, "Should American Jews Support Israel: A Sabbath Sermon," Yehuda Lev; March 30, "Can People Live Without Religion?" Jack Maloney.

Illinois Audubon society, James Simpson theater, Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Screen tour program, "The Long Flight Back," with comments on vanishing bird species by Robert P. Allen, March 18, 2:30 p.m.

Meet The Poets Series, 1020 Art Center, 1020 n. Lake Shore drive (MI 2-2433). March 23, Selden Rodman, 8:30 p.m.; Richard Wilbun date to be announced.

Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series, Sat., 2:30 p.m., Simpson theater. **March: 3,** "North to Adventure," Fred Machetanz; **10,** "Ecuador," Eric Pavel; **17,** "Northern and Western Australia," Alfred M. Bailey; **24,** "Kayaks Down the Nile," John Goddard; **31,** "Spain," Clifford J. Kamen.

Northwestern university, (UN 4-1907). **Alumni fund series:** "Evolution of Insect and Human Societies," Alfred E. Emerson. Technological Institute, Sheridan rd. at Noyes, March 7, 8 p.m.

Department of Religion lecture: "Is the Church Making Any Difference in Present-Day Crises?" Bishop Hans Lilje of Berlin, Germany. Cahn aud., Sheridan rd. at Emerson, March 8, 8 p.m. Free.

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Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). **Discussion in the Round:** "Who Shall Be President?" March 7, 8 p.m. **University of Chicago,** (MI 3-0800). **Chemistry in Industry:** Max Tishler, March 1; Ralph Conner, March 6; John M. Tinker, March 13, Kent Chemical laboratory, 1020 e. 58th, 8 p.m. Free.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). March show: "Weather Tantrums." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Tue. and Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 and 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri., to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: Currier and Ives prints from the Stuyvesant Peabody memorial collection. Continuing: Caricature paintings of famous late 19th-century personages. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms, and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th and Lake Park (MU 4-1414). **The Medical Exhibit section** will be featured in March, with "The Story of Pain" (Abbott laboratories), "You and Your Heart" (Chicago chapter, American Heart association), "Polio" (National Polio foundation), "Cancer" (Chicago chapter, American Cancer society), and "Miracle of Growth" (University of Illinois). Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tues.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

TOURS

American airlines, Midway airport, 63rd and Cicero (PO 7-6200 ext. 846). Through the twin hangars, weather information section and the flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Mon.-Thur., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Baha'i Temple, Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Public tours on weekdays

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include only the auditorium. Sunday tours are of the entire building and include color slides and talks. This larger tour can be arranged for groups on weekdays by contacting Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1 to 4 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WE 9-9860). Visitors observe "The Pit" where lively grain trading takes place. From the observation tower, topped only by Ceres, one can see the stockyards and Evanston on a clear day. Mon.-Fri., 9:45 a.m. to 1:15 p.m.

Chinatown and Chicago by Night, Chicago Gray line (SE 8-2900). Commercial tours of the foreign neighborhoods of the city. Of special interest are Maxwell st., Bug House square and Hull house. Tours begin at the Conrad Hilton hotel. Nightly, 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100 ext. 715). Visitors see all the major printing processes, engraving, composing and printing. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 8 p.m.

Ford Motor company, 12600 s. Torrance (MI 6-3100 ext. 250). Public tours of the final body assembly line. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 2 p.m.

Northwestern university, Technological institute, Sheridan rd. at Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1900). One hour tour of the Institute begins in the lobby, Sat., 11 a.m.

Sears Roebuck company, Tues.-Fri. 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:15; Mon. 1:45, 2:45. Closed Saturdays. Tours begin at usher's desk, main entrance, 925 s. Homan avenue, (KE 3-2500).

Jac Worth tours, (GR 7-2763). Commercial tours by bus, dinner included. March 6, art studios of leading Chicago artists, 6:30: p.m.; March 11, Frank Lloyd Wright homes, 2:30 p.m.; March 27, visits to nationality groups, Swedish, Polish, Bohemian, with demonstrations of folk dancing and singing, 6:30 p.m. Reservations necessary.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). A tour of the campus begins every Sat., 10 a.m., at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Mon. March 5, ch. 5). NBC's big show, usually with upper class appeal. In color.

"Richard III" (1:30 p.m. Sun. March 11, ch. 5). American premiere of Laurence Olivier's three-hour motion picture of the Shakespeare play, with John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom and Pamela Brown. In color.

Ford Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. March 10, ch. 2). Bing Crosby in a new musical version of Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor" filmed for TV with Julie Andrews. In color.

Emmy Awards (8 p.m. Sat. March 17, ch. 5). Annual presentations of the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences in Hollywood and New York.

Maurice Evans Presents (3 p.m. Sun. March 18, ch. 5). "The Taming of the Shrew" with Maurice Evans and Lilli Palmer. In color.

Academy Awards (9:30 p.m. Wed. March 21, ch. 5). Annual "Oscar" awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences from Hollywood.

Max Liebman Presents (6:30 p.m. Sun. March 25, ch. 5). "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," a satirical review of the past half century, with Comedienne Pat Carroll. In color.

drama

One hour plays: **Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., ch. 5), **Robert Montgomery Presents** (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., ch. 2), **Playwrights 56-Circle Theater** (8:30 p.m. Tue., ch. 5). **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., ch. 5), **Steel Hour-20th Century-Fox Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., ch. 2), **Front Row Center** (3 p.m. Sun., ch. 2).

comedy-variety-music

Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Alistaire Cooke emcees one of the first TV shows to wear long pants.

Zoo Parade (2:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 5). Marlin Perkins unveils the vitality of Africa with safari films in color, March 18 and 25.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Mr. Variety hauls out his entertainment showcase.

Jack Benny Show (6:30 p.m. alt. Sun., ch. 2). The Waukegan wise man in a fool's paradise.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., ch. 7). Fantasy, fact and futurism from the Walt Disney workshop.

Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., ch. 9). TV's only classical music hour.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., ch. 2). Definitive visits with headline personalities conducted by Ed Murrow.

Fifth Army Show (7 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Top army talent in a musical variety format.

George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., ch. 5). The crew-cut comic in feats of joke magic.

documentary-discussion

Wide Wide World (3 p.m. Sun. March 4 and 25, ch. 5). Thematic remotes spanning a continent with program notes by Dave Garroway.

Medical Horizons (9:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Live pickups from hospitals and centers of research.

Project 20 (8 p.m. Wed. March 14, ch. 5). "The Twisted Cross," the story of Adolf Hitler, re-created from Third Reich films.

Northwestern Reviewing Stand (7 p.m. alt. Sat., ch. 9). Meaningful discussions about our time.

for children

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. weekdays, ch. 2). A mustachioed old gentleman takes the kids in tow.

Romper Room (11 a.m. weekdays, ch. 9). Miss Rosemary and young guests.

Ding Dong School (9 a.m. weekdays, ch. 5). Dr. Frances Horwich talks straight without talking down.

Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. weekdays, ch. 7). Cartoons, serials and circuses.

sports

Basketball (8 p.m. Mon. March 5, ch. 5). Jack Drees describes the TV season's finale, Illinois at Northwestern.

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Basketball (2 p.m. Sat., ch. 2). March 3, Illinois at Iowa; March 10, Harlem Globetrotters (tentative); March 17, opening game of the National Invitational tournament, and March 24, finals.

channel 11

Totem Club (4:30 p.m. weekdays). For youngsters.

Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m. M-W-F). For younger youngsters.

People Who Posed (9:30 p.m. Tue.). Art in context.

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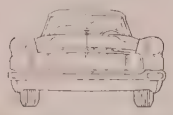

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Eins Zwei Drei (7:30 p.m. Fri.). Elementary German.

Introduction to Philosophy (9:30 p.m. Fri.). Credit course.

Searchlights on Delinquency (9:30 p.m. Fri.). Problems and solutions.

SPORTS

college basketball

Northwestern, McGraw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **March: 5,** Illinois. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). **March: 2,** Montreal; **8,** New York (at St. Louis); **11,** Detroit. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue armory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Doubleheaders are played every Saturday, beginning at 8:30 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE-6-2237). March 3-25, "The King of the Golden River." Opening March 31, "Davy Crockett and His Coonskin Cap." Every Sat., 2:30 p.m., Sun., 3 p.m. Early performance Sat., March 3, 10:30 a.m.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). **Young People's concerts,** Tues., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. **March 6** (series A) & **20** (series B), Theme: "Music of America," "Uncle" Win Stracke, guitar, soloist. Overture to "Amelia Goes to the Ball," Menotti; "Mary and a Lamb Forever," Ballantine; Capriccio for Piccolo and Orchestra, Dubensky; "Meet the Mice," Hoffmann; American folk songs by Uncle Win; "Strike Up the Band," Gershwin.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark and North (MI 2-4600). Slide-talk, film and object demonstration programs on Chicago and American history. **Museum mornings:** Sat., 10 a.m. **March 10, 17, 24,** "The Great Chicago Fire," with color film, "Citizen Fireman" and cartoon. **Weekday assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes, **March 7 & 14,** "Reconstruction—War's Aftermath," with film, "Johnson and the Reconstruction." **Natural History museum,** Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). **Museum travelers:** "Plants of the Bible," a tour for young travelers, who may pick up their instructions at the door any time during regular museum hours. Children may make the trip individually or in groups. **Lecture and film series:** this annual program of travel films with commentaries will be held every Sat. morning during March at 10:30. Titles to be announced.

libraries

Chicago Public library, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). **The Children's hour,** one-hour weekly programs exploring the world through films, recordings, story-telling and the imagination. **March 3,** "Millions of Cats" and "The Wind in the Willow"; **10,** "Timothy Turtle" and "The Be Man of Orn"; **17,** "Michael and the Leprechaun" and "Why There are No Snakes in Ireland"; **24,** "The Wind, the Birds and the Telegraph Wires" and "Elsie Piddock Skips in her Sleep"; **31,** "The Selfish Giant" and "The Country Bunny and the Golden Slippers." Sat., 2:15 p.m. Free tickets are available one week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

art exhibits and classes

Paintings by Children in Japan, March 5-30, Hull house, Benedict Art gallery, 800 s. Halsted (MO 6-6005). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sat.-Sun., 6 to 10 p.m.

Art Institute, Fullerton hall, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Classes for children:** drawing demonstrations and slides for children, under the direction of Addis Osborne. **March 3,** "Methods"; **10,** "More the Merrier"; **17,** "Words and Music"; **24,** "Sounds and Instruments"; **31,** "It Takes Two." 11:30 a.m.

parks

drama

13th Annual Children's Drama Festival, a series of short plays performed by both children and adults, and representing a cross-section of the Park district's children's drama classes, are presented at several parks during March. Locations: Hamilton park, 72nd and Normal, March 10; Gar-

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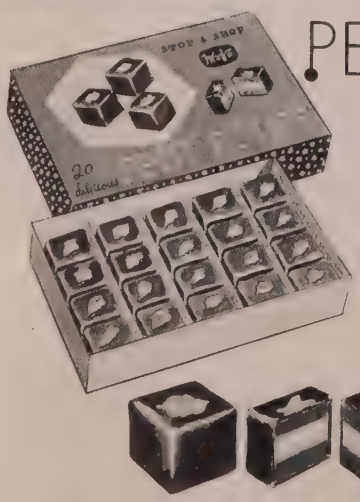

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field park, 100 n. Central Park, March 17; Hamlin park, Wellington and Hoyne, March 24, 2:30 p.m.

swimming

Park district indoor swimming club championship meets continue through March. **March: 3,** Ridge park, 96th and Longwood; **17,** LaFollette, 1333 n. Laramie; **31,** West Pullman, 123rd and Stewart. 2 p.m. Competition includes back, breast and free stroke in seven classifications: Boy—midget, 11 and under; jr., 12-13; intermed., 14-15; sr., 16 and over. Girls—midget, 12 and under; jr., 13-14; sr., 15 and over.

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Dr. Arthur Ellen, hypnotist, plays a return engagement. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The "All Calypso Revue" continues through March and imports the talents of the Mighty Panther, and Phyllis Branch. Also featured will be Roger McCall, Gene Compson and Esther Bailey. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2 a.m. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Iceorama" continues, with the skating team of Helga Neff and Peter Voss, comedians Jerry Bergman and Mimi, solo skaters Shirley Linde and Michael Meehan, juggler Boy Foy, who rides a unicycle. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camellia house, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Early March show to be announced eventually. Tony Martin and white dinner jacket arrive on March 29th. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. and Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $1.60 cover; $4 min.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music is by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Compass, at the Dock, 5473 Lake Park (FA 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. Shows at 8:15 Wed. & Thurs., 9:15 & 11:15 Fri. & Sat., 8:15 Sun. Folk singing from 9:15 on Tues. Open until 2 a.m. $1.50 min. Fri. Sat., & Sun. Closed Mon.

Empire room, Palmer house, State and Monroe (RA 6-7500). Hildegarde continues through March 21, Jose Greco and his Spanish dance troupe open March 22. Music by Charlie Fisk and orchestra with vocals by Lee Charmel. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30

Antoine's Owner Guest at Fanny's Restaurant

Jules Alciatore, owner of Antoine's, New Orleans restaurant, was a recent guest at Fanny's restaurant in Evanston. He is shown with the proprietor of Fanny's, Mrs. Ray Lazzar.

FANNY'S COLUMN
Written by Fanny Lazzar

I AM VERY, VERY HAPPY TO MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF SEVERAL IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS AT FANNY'S. First of all, How LAZZAR has endeared himself to me for this can never be fully told, my dearly beloved brother CORRADO (BO) BACHECHI and his sweet wife SYLVIA are now in business with us . . . so with this terrific foursome all working joyously and harmoniously together . . . we are really going to MOVE MOUNTAINS . . . in the realm of successful restaurant operation.

FIRST OF ALL, WE ARE GOING TO BE OPEN FOR LUNCH . . . **beginning March 1st.**

Throughout the years my good clientele has urged me to serve luncheons . . . but I was much too busy . . . now I am going to MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY . . . and I MEAN HAPPY with the KIND OF LUNCHEONS I HAVE BEEN PLANNING. Since I am individualistic . . . my kind of luncheons will be original and terrific. SYLVIA AND I are going to prepare everything we will serve (the fried chicken and broiled meat department goes to our chef) and the kind of SOUPS THIS OLD GAL CAN MAKE . . . are a revelation! THE SOUPS YOU CANNOT GET IN RESTAURANTS ANYWHERE . . . WILL BE MORE like the kind your mothers and grandmothers prepared in their own kitchens . . . as one doctor said to me recently . . . "Oh, for some rib filling luncheons of good, tasty food." . . . THAT IS THE TYPE I WILL SERVE. TEA ROOMS SERVE THEIR PURPOSE AND THEIR PUBLIC WELL . . . BUT GENERALLY SPEAKING MEN never really get LARGE ENOUGH amounts of anything. . . Here, we feed you WELL AND AMPLY . . . with quality items only . . . NOTHING SYNTHETIC OF ANY KIND IN FLAVOR OR COLORING IS EVER USED BY ME . . . ALL MY COOKING IS DONE STRICTLY WITH BUTTER . . . and I propose to serve my luncheons to my distinguished clientele of the past ten years . . . by reservations. WOMEN'S AND MEN'S CLUBS AND GROUPS will have the privilege of making plans in advance for whatever kind of special food or dish they want served . . . and using the upstairs dining rooms for afternoon meetings.

MY LUNCHEON SPECIALTIES WILL BE THE SOUPS . . . SEVERAL ITALIAN DISHES EVERY DAY . . . along with AMERICAN FAVORITES . . . SPAGHETTI . . . SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN AND PRIME STEAKS . . . WEDDING PARTIES AND GRADUATION PARTIES DESIRING LUNCHEON SERVICE HAD BETTER BOOK WELL IN ADVANCE . . . WE ANTICIPATE A LARGE DEMAND FOR RESERVATONS . . . ACCORDING TO REQUESTS WE HAVE HAD IN THE PAST.

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& midnight. Dinner from $4, $2 cover.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a relentless two-beat for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Pump room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter's orchestra plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

The Beehive, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Sonny Stitt blows in five days after March, followed by Hank Jones' All-Star quintet, then, on the 16th the Australian Jazz quintet, in its first local night club bit. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session by local musicians Mon.; closed Tues. $.50 cover.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Bobby Hackett of the famous, if slightly slick, trumpet sound plays the first two weeks of March. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat. 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teenagers and an occasional Monitor remote. Closed Mon. & Tues. Food a la carte. $3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). The Pat Moran quartet holds over through March, along with fixture Lurlean Hunter. Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo continue on Mon. and Tues. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Downbeat room, 624 s. Michigan (WE 9-5129). Peggy Taft plays the vocal chords; Claude Jones and Ted Leighton, the piano ones. Until 4 a.m., 5 a.m. on Sat. Closed Sun. Tues.-Thurs., $1.50 cover, Fri. & Sat., $2.

Easy Street, in the alley at Elm st., between State and Dearborn (WH 4-4748). A new jazz place in a coach house that has a papier-mache tree growing up through the bar. The Billy Wallace trio plays Wed.-Sun. and Leigh Travis sings in the current throaty style. 9 p.m. until 4 a.m.

Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixieland is still heard in Bill Reinhardt's downstairs room, especially by young college crowds. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Sun. $2 min.

London house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). The Art Tatum trio appears in March. Music from 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. until 3:30 a.m. Steaks and chops are as much a specialty as jazz here. Dinner from $3.75. No cover or min.

Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Improvisations by the piano-man-proprietor, who's helped out by the Lefty Bates trio. The decor is geometric and all drinks are $1. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Offbeat Room, 1037 Granville (RO 1-3271). Bob Gibson sings folk songs and a local trio plays "classical jazz." Guest performers are featured on weekends. Tue.-Sat., shows from 9:30. $2 min.

Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 s. Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The excellent Ahmad Jamal group remains, with Ray Crawford, guitar, Israel Crosby, bass, and Jamal on piano with an imaginative but well-rehearsed style. Wed.-Sun., music from 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. No cover or min.

EATING OUT

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner $2.50-$5.

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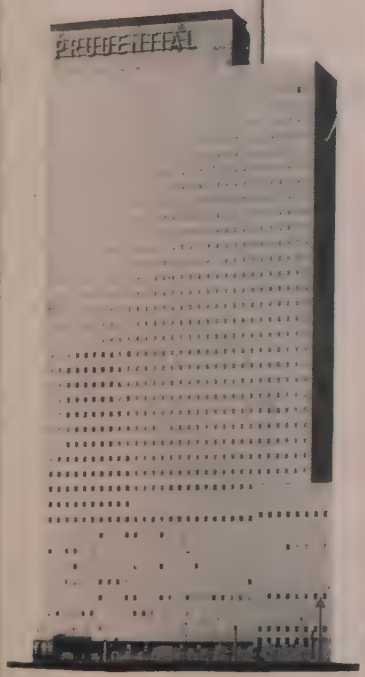

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Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan at Balbo (HA 7-4300). The kind of food that Talleyrand used to talk about at the Congress of Vienna. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $6.

Cafe De Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). Delightful French fare, all the more enjoyable in the Gallic setting. Crepes suzettes are, of course, a house specialty. Daily, 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner $3.90-$6.50.

The Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-1200). Decorative dining where such substantial dishes as roast beef are done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.50. Closed Sun.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cape Cod room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Excellent seafood in tasteful surroundings. A la carte from $2. Daily, noon until midnight.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-around-you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57 (PL 2-9355). Wonderful hors d'oeuvres table is bolstered by special national dishes in a candle-lit atmosphere. Weekdays except Mon. 4:30 p.m. to 10. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells (WH 4-9101). It takes a little longer than usual to broil steaks here, but that's because they're seven inches thick. 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Sun. Dinner from $2.50.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their wide-spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192; DE 2-9857). Authentic Florentine cooking in two restaurants, one for intimate dining the other slightly more expansive. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch at $1.25; dinner from $2. The intimate one is closed Sundays.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $1.70-$2.60, dinner $3.80-$6.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). Dining in a huge room with south sea decor. Two cuisines, one Cantonese and one Yankee. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). Reputedly the biggest menu in the city, includes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than sauerbraten, even. Open 4 p.m. to midnight. From $1.75.

St. Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from $6.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). The best and most delicate of Scandinavian dishes in handsome surroundings. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. Lunch from $.75, dinner from $1.75.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room with deep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte.

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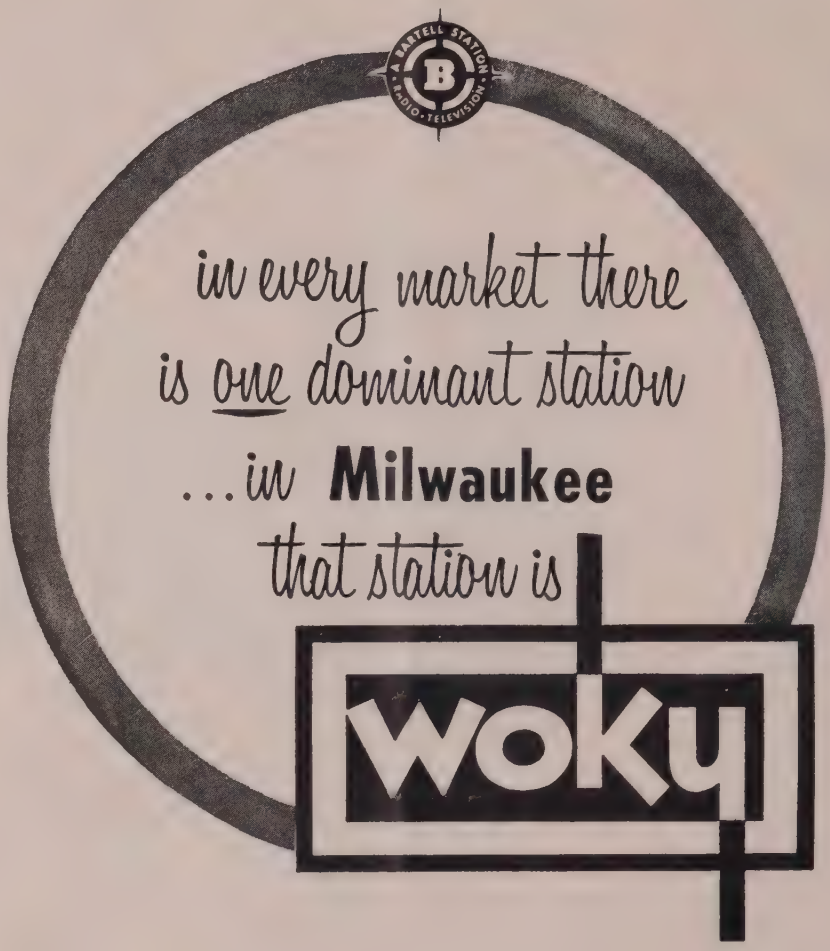

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VICE AND VIRTUE ON THE GOLD COAST

A Lake Forest lady who had looked all over town in a vain effort to find spoons matching her silverware was surprised to find such utensils in use at a fashionable hotel where she lunched. She asked the waiter if she might buy a half-dozen of them. He thought that might be quite complicated, and referred the case to a superior, who mulled it over and suggested a different procedure: The lady should eat at the hotel for six consecutive days, each time stealing a spoon. Her embarrassed refusal had to be relayed through several more layers of the hotel's hierarchy before she was allowed to acquire the spoons legitimately.

ADULT PRODIGY

A young lady from the North Side who has made a career of exhibiting theatrical skills and then studying them has lately reached the verge of stardom on Broadway and in Hollywood.

Norma Lou Doggett was only slightly off Broadway as she talked about her upside-down saga a few weeks ago. The willowy, pixie-faced blonde sat on a bench outside the stage door of the Majestic theater, where she is appearing in *Fanny*, and discussed the surreptitious enrollment as a Chez Paree Adorable that got her into the business that there's no business like.

Miss Doggett, a year out of high school, had never taken a dancing lesson in her life, her contacts with terpsichore having been limited to Senn jitterbugging circles. She had worked in an office briefly and found it unexciting. A friend who was an Adorable taught her the routines used to audition applicants for that designation, and filled her in on the minimum French terminology. Girls under 5 foot 5 didn't need to apply, and that included Miss Doggett, until she added a little altitude with exceptionally high heels and shoulder pads.

Having become a professional dancer, she decided to study the art. She registered at Edna McRae's school and did so well that she was soon able to gain employment in *Magdalena*, a musical comedy produced on the West Coast with score by nobody but Heitor Villa-Lobos. The book, unfortunately, was by nobody but nobody, and the show was stopped, for good, after ten weeks—but not before it got to New York.

After *Magdalena* closed, Miss Doggett got a dancing part in a revue that flopped, followed by one in *Miss Liberty*, which didn't. She had a bit of singing to do in the latter show and that scared her a little, so she started taking voice lessons, as well as continuing her dance studies. After *Miss Liberty* had run for a long time in New York it came here, ran for a short time, and folded. The Railroad Fair was dug in on the lakefront that summer, and it provided Miss Doggett with what she considers her hardest job, doing four performances a day of condensed musical comedies. That fall she played her first vamp role in the Roaring Twenties revue at the Blackhawk restaurant. Then she decided she'd better get back to Broadway and try to land in a new show.

After a week of looking she was enlisted as the second lead dancer by *Call Me Madam*, replacing a girl who had come here to appear in a revue about the Thirties at the Blackhawk. After a while the Perle Mesta show decided to go on tour, and Miss Doggett decided not to, so she switched to *Wish You Were Here*, a pastoral musical comedy set in the mountainous regions of upstate New York. Here she first encountered Joshua Logan, her favorite theatrical guy, for whom she now works once again.

In 1952, while with *Wish You Were Here*, Miss Doggett was voted the Rising Young Actress of the Year on Broadway, and presented with suitable trophies befitting that station. Shortly after that she contracted to appear in John Murray Anderson's *Almanac*. She was rehearsing for that show and breaking in a replacement for her role in *Wish You Were Here* when her agent found her a Hollywood part as a *Bride* in a movie about six others and *Seven Brothers*. She frenziedly obtained releases from both of the legitimate shows and went to the West Coast for four months of movie making, an activity which she found novel and lucrative, but no substitute for the live medium of the stage.

After the picture was released, Miss Doggett spent a month running around North America publicizing its premieres. Next she did some dancing on the television manifestation of the *Hit Parade*. *Fanny* was then being shaped up and she was quick to audition for it, coveting a role in a musical that is "much more of a play" than others of the past and present. She was hired as understudy to the lead and dance captain—a position of high responsibility which involves keeping the production

numbers up to the director's standards and teaching parts to new members of the line, both men and girls.

Miss Doggett also has some lines in *Fanny*, and now she's studying dramatics.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Bridey Murphy of south May street (with a slight Irish accent) when asked whether she believes the story of Bridey Murphy of Cork and Pueblo: "No, I don't. And if you want to find out anything about it you can call the *Daily News*. I'm sick and tired of this callin' about Bridey Murphy."

THE LIVESTOCK BARON OF GARY

Although Gary is anything but an agricultural community, there's a ranch on its outskirts which has 14 million head of livestock, all on two and a half acres of land. And the pasture isn't even crowded, for the farmer specializes in raising earthworms.

The figure of 14 million is, of course, just approximate. If Perry Boday, who operates the venture, actually counted out that many worms, by the time he was through there would be so many additions to the flock that he'd have to start counting all over again. A good breeder pit produces 2500 worms per square foot of surface per season.

To those who may question the term, "head of livestock," Boday insists worms do have heads. Most observers couldn't tell the heads from the tails, but he can. Cut a worm in two, and the half with the head will live and grow; the tail will die. Not that Boday recommends this method, except for people with insatiable curiosity and lots of time on their hands for worm-watching.

A quicker way is to look for the clitellum, a thick ring about one-third of the distance from one end. That end is the head. The clitellum contains the reproductive organs. The hybrid red worm, which Boday and most other commercial breeders raise, is bisexual. It was developed by the late Dr. George Sheffield Oliver, and is a cross between the "red wiggler" —or manure worm—and the large orchard worm.

Any two mature hybrids may fertilize each other, then both produce fertile eggs, which are grayish-yellow capsules a little larger than a pinhead. As the number of eggs produced at one time varies from four to 20 (and each healthy earthworm may produce a capsule every seven to ten days) and each egg produces from two to 20 threadlike white worms which mature in two or three months—the rapidity of multiplication puts rabbits and guinea pigs to shame.

Earl B. Shields, in a book entitled *Raising Hybrid Earthworms for Profit*, estimates that a single colony of 1000 breeders, under controlled conditions and temperatures permitting continuous breeding throughout the year, could produce more than a billion descendants in 24 months. Shields explains that this is merely a mathematical exercise, "totally impractical as a working proposition because such a huge stock would require 10,000 to 15,000 average size pits."

Boday does not concern himself too much with statistics, as he is kept busy seeing that the worms get the ideal conditions for maximum breeding and rapid growth.

"The worm will eat almost any dead animal or vegetable matter," he said, "but the main items I use for feed are chopped corncobs and manure. These don't seem like expensive items, but the worms require large quantities, and there's the problem of

hauling the material and chopping it to hasten decomposition. Do you know those little critters eat their weight in 24 hours?

"Worms are fussy creatures," he added. "They must have moisture, but not too much, and they thrive best in temperatures between 40 and 80 degrees. They know exactly what they want. If they don't get it they'll move away. If they can't get out, they'll stop breeding. So we have to pamper them quite a bit."

Most of his worms are housed in a cement block building 24 feet square. They are kept cool in summer by evaporation of water. In winter, they burrow under their warm blankets of decaying organic matter.

Of course what the worms eat is not lost, but is deposited in the form of castings which are highly prized for fertilizer. During the process of digestion by the earthworm, its food goes through some mysterious change that gives it five times the nitrogen, seven times the phosphates, and seven times the available potash that it had before the earthworm went to work on it. This is why florists are glad to pay a dollar a pound for dehydrated worm castings, and why, according to Boday, farmers buy far more worms than do fishermen.

He related the experiences of a woman in Riverside, California, who in 1951 bought two acres of adobe land that was "too hard to drive a pick into." With 500 earthworms, a compost pile, and water from her well, she transformed that barren plot into a year-round garden where she successfully raises 17 varieties of vegetables, herbs, rhubarb, strawberries, boysenberries, peaches and plums, while her less worm-conscious neighbors have to content themselves with a few shade trees. She says, "I do not cultivate, but leave that chore to the earthworm."

Farmers favor the earthworm for still another reason—it makes excellent food for laying hens. Said Boday, "Poultrymen have found that they increase egg production 30 per cent by feeding worms to their hens, not as a steady diet but as a tonic. A dozen worms per hen per week is plenty."

Zoos are another good market for worms, unless they raise their own, like New York's Bronx zoo, which propagates 25,000 per month for its duck-billed platypuses.

Fishermen, of course, are also important customers. Boday says they report good success with his hybrids, as the bright red color and lively wriggle attracts trout, bass and crappie. There's a trick, though, to keeping them wriggling. These worms are fairly small, usually not over four inches long when full grown, and

may be killed by a large hook. But on a small hook, inserted lightly under the clitellum and again into the head, the worm will live and squirm for hours—unless a fish sees him.

Boday and his wife, Lulu, have been in business only three years, and say they are just beginners. He is a switchman for the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern railroad, but will reach retirement age this year. He expects the worm ranch to provide him and his wife with a comfortable income.

Mrs. Boday had this to say of the woman's angle on the angleworm, "To me, it's something to do besides housework, and lots more fun. Our children are grown now and away from home, so I need something to occupy my time."

She proudly displayed her formidable geraniums, tomatoes and pepper plants. "Earthworm castings," she explained. "It's the world's best fertilizer. It's too rich to be used alone, but I mix it half-and-half with ordinary soil."

Perry Boday seems younger than his years, with lively, hazel eyes and a tough, stocky build, hardened by outdoor life. He walks miles every day in the course of his switchman's job, and he vacations each summer in Wyoming, where he climbs the 12,000-foot peaks of the Absaroka range in the Rockies.

The Bodays' hope for financial security from their worm farm is not an idle dream. This is one business that is not overcrowded. One rancher, a clergyman who developed worm raising as a sideline which put his son through college, said they tried advertising in two national magazines but had to give it up, because "within a month orders were pouring in from all over the country and we couldn't meet ten per cent of the demand."

Fishermen may pay up to two cents apiece for worms at bait stands. Wholesale rates, of course, are cheaper. Breeders and farmers pay between $3 and $10, depending on locality, for a gallon of earthworm culture, which contains approximately 2000 mature worms, plus numerous young ones, unhatched eggs and castings. Pickwick Worm Gardens in Savannah, Tennessee, sells around $35,000 worth during the fishing season.

Boday's marketing methods are simple. He merely picks the worms out of the moist, crumbly soil of their beds, sorting out those of largest size, saving the rest until they grow bigger. Packed in cardboard ice-cream containers with moist peat moss, they can survive a long journey.

There was a note of affection in his voice when he spoke of his little charges. "Aside from the financial gain, in many ways they are ideal pets. They are quiet, odorless, and they stay where you put 'em, if you treat 'em right. Besides, there is always something new and interesting you can learn about them."

He showed some acorns that had been put in a bin of worms. "It was just an experiment; I didn't know whether they could get through the shell. But look here, how they've drilled right through and hollowed out the inside.

"You know," he confided, "sometimes I think the earthworm even produces a healing ingredient for the human skin. I had a fellow counting worms for me and noticed one day he had a bad cut on his hand. I told him he ought to get a bandage on it, working in the dirt that way. He said he had cut it the day before, but it was already starting to heal up fine. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if the scientists find out, some day, that the earthworm secretes a healing ingredient as good as penicillin!"

FAMILY FARE

A barber shop on Division street has a sign announcing that it specializes in women's and children's haircuts. The place is kept spotless for the benefit of the ladies, and one chair is built like a toy automobile to woo the young. To avoid neglecting the men, however, the owners have placed several calendar nudes in the middle of one wall.

NOSTALGIA

An impromptu orator at the College of Complexes, discussing his big ambition: "When I get a hundred thousand dollars, I want to go back to my home town and start a newspaper. It's the only way I can think of to tell the people of Kenosha what I think about them."

LOWERING THE BOOM ON HIJACKERS

"About the only thing they haven't lifted so far is tombstones," declared Lt. Frank O'Sullivan, head of the police department's cartage theft detail.

"But don't get the idea a cartage thief will grab the first box he can lay his hands on," he explained. "Usually, he's filling an order from a fence, and the fence won't take anything he can't unload on a kink (an outwardly legitimate retailer who buys stolen merchandise for sale to the public). So your lifter has to be as fussy as a State street department store buyer shopping one of the markets."

Because of this provision of the law of supply and demand, the single-spaced flimsy sheets choking the cartage squad's battered record cabinets read a little like sales resumes from Field's or Carson's.

"Right after the war," reported the lieutenant, a friendly, round-faced man whose office is a stuffy, butt-littered room on the third floor of police headquarters at 11th and State, "TV sets kept us pretty busy. Today, the demand is down, so they aren't grabbed nearly as often. It's the same thing with refrigerators. A lot of fences who would have been in the market for them a few years ago want home freezers instead. So fewer refrigerators get lost. But we have to get the freezers back too, so it's really six of one and half a dozen of another as far as we're concerned."

The cartage squad, consisting of 26

plainclothes men, is assigned to protect 200,000 tons of truck freight, and 140,000 tons of rail goods handled here daily, in addition to smaller amounts arriving by air and water. The freight is scattered all over the city. Some is in the 10,000 trucks that lumber down a multitude of streets every day. Most of the rest is piled high inside freight terminals, airports, garages, warehouses, on retailers' loading docks and piers along the river.

Chicago, which processes more truck and rail freight than any other city in the world, contains the storage facilities of some 500 interstate truckers, another 2,000 cartage contractors, 37 railroads, 20 airlines, and possesses in addition 5,250,000 square feet of public warehouse space.

O'Sullivan estimates that somewhat less than two per cent of the freight arriving here is stolen, and that his men recover more than three-quarters of that. In the past five years, hijackings and related types of freight theft have shown significant reductions.

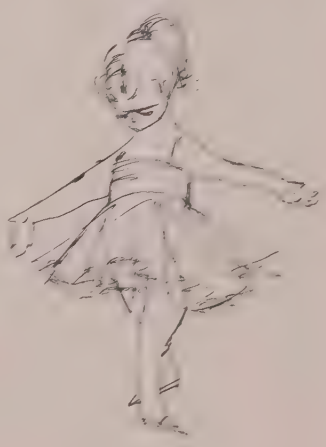
"They never leave you alone, though," O'Sullivan lamented recently while picking up one of the two phones on his battered desk for the fifth time in ten minutes. And after the call, "it's work, work, work. The newspaper guys think we're glamor boys, sort of a cross between Sherlock Holmes and Joe Friday. They've never been staked out in an alley in eight below weather, wondering why some sticky-fingered bum doesn't show so they can get the hell home to the wife and kids."

A few years ago, two of O'Sullivan's men, Detectives Pat Fitzgerald and Bill Donovan, spent a whole weekend performing this chore in just such weather.

Three days earlier, on a Wednesday, a truck driver had stopped for coffee at a South Side diner. While he was inside, the truck was stolen. It was found a few hours later, minus its $5,000 cargo of cigarettes and soap. Donovan, Fitzgerald and two other members of the squad, Detectives John Kustusch and Wilbur Parker, were put on the case.

Their first clue came from the truck's speedometer. The company which owned it made a habit of recording the mileage of its vehicles each morning before the drivers left. Since only a few extra miles were registered on the stolen truck when it was found, the officers figured that the load had been dumped nearby. That afternoon they launched a needle-in-the-haystack search for a garage which might contain the missing cargo.

Throughout most of Thursday and Friday, the men were soaked by a combination of rain, sleet and snow as they combed the alleys. Finally, late Friday afternoon, Donovan and Fitzgerald found the garage, about half a mile from where the truck



had been abandoned. They could see, through a crack in the boarded-up window, that most of the loot was still inside. So, hiding in an old shack nearby, they sat down to wait for the thieves.

They stayed there until Monday afternoon, each standing a 12-hour watch. The temperature dropped to eight below Friday night and didn't go much higher until they left. But they nabbed their men—two well-known cartage thieves named Joseph Bagnola and Joseph Santora.

Shortly after World War II, a different kind of clue helped the detail recover a truckload of whisky valued at $38,000 two hours after it was stolen.

The truck was hijacked by two men who waved guns in the driver's face as he waited for a traffic light at Damen and Madison. Blindfolding him, they drove the vehicle to a garage. There, the driver was transferred to a car, and 15 minutes later he was set free at Madison and Cicero.

The car had made so many turns that the driver couldn't tell the police much about the location of the garage. All he could say was that the first leg of the kidnap ride hadn't taken long, and that on arriving he had heard the noise of an El train.

Detectives John Weiss, Lloyd Nebergall and Tom Smith reasoned that the garage was probably near either Lake, Paulina or Van Buren, since all three streets were close to Damen and Madison, and adjacent to elevated lines.

About an hour after the theft, the three detectives were standing in an alley off Lake, near Western, a few feet from a boarded-up, ramshackle garage. Nebergall pried off one of the boards and saw the missing truck inside, with its cargo of 650 whisky cases untouched. Checking with the owner, they learned the garage had been rented to a couple of small-time hoods named Carmen Madia and Henry McKenna. In another hour the hijackers were in custody. Later they were sentenced to long prison terms.

Pinch bars and bolt cutters—two kinds of tools often used by cartage thieves—sometimes bring the police department's crime lab in on a case. A few years ago, lab technicians helped solve the theft of $30,000 worth of cigarettes by connecting a bolt cutter found in the possession of two suspects with a lock on the rear of the stolen truck. The lab found that marks made by the cutter's jaws were identical to those on the lock. Also, metal fragments around the jaws had the same composition as the hasp of the lock. Confronted with this evidence, the suspects confessed.

"But it isn't as easy as it sounds," O'Sullivan pointed out. "A lot of the time, the merchandise can't be identified when we find it. The lifter or his receiver, or the kink, takes the stuff out of the shipping container and removes all the labels. We can't do much unless the guy who's lost the stuff can prove in court that it's his.

"And even after a cartage thief is caught he isn't necessarily convicted," he added. "A few smart lawyers around town take all the satisfaction out of this job sometimes."

MELTING POT

The Moulin Rouge pizzeria is located on north Clark street and Flaherty's Pizza Pie restaurant in the Loop.

DISPLACED PERSON

A man from Grand Rapids in a Near North Side saloon: "They told me this was a Bohemian place, but I'm a Slovak and it doesn't look like it to me."

WHISKY SOCIAL

When women who write about society for newspapers partake of each other's society, their conversation is a confluent if not quite congruous confection of woman-talk, society talk and newspaper talk.

At least that's the lesson of the unofficial transcript of a tea, or coffee, or whisky given a few weeks ago by Athlyn Deshais, of the *Daily News,* in honor of Adeline Fitzgerald, once of the *American* but now of Paris.

Despite the presence of these three pillars of civilization—Woman, Manners and the Press—one vital aspect of the event was determined by a factor foreign to them all. A man—neither a society nor a newspaper man—picked out, in effect, the French pastry.

That happened a few hours before the party and a few minutes after Miss Deshais boarded a cab in front of the *Daily News* building. She directed the driver to a French pastry shop on Walton street, only to be told, in definitive terms, that she would do better at a rival establishment on Rush. "That's where all the well-dressed society ladies tell me to take them for pastries," he announced. Not content to choose the pastry shop, he then watched Miss Deshais choose the pastry, his silence apparently indicating approval of her selections.

The last-minute pastry switch followed a more drastic change in beverage policy.

The fête was originally planned as a Russian tea. But samovars are not as available as they once were, so Irish coffee was served instead. Irish coffee consists of two cubes of sugar, a short shot of Irish whisky, black coffee and whipped cream, on top. The whipped cream created a minor crisis, for the apartment of Miss Deshais (Mrs. Edmond A. Faulkner in private life) on the 17th floor at 1360 Lake Shore drive has a magnificent view, but no eggbeater. A hurried call to an invited guest, Lucia Perrigo, who arranges publicity for the Ambassador hotels, solved the problem. Miss Perrigo soon arrived from her office bearing a small rotary beater. She explained that it had to be returned to the cooks in the Pump Room before breakfast the next day because it was the only one they had.

The ladies of the society press, a couple of dozen in number, arrived between three and four. Most of them wore matter-of-fact hats, but not so Evelyn Nelson, publicity lady for the Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, who entered dramatically in a huge, plumed tricorne left over from the gala opening of the Café Bonaparte.

Conversation between cucumber sandwiches was rapid, and started with teen-agers in Paris (Miss Fitzgerald is married to Robert Faherty of the New York *Herald Tribune,* Paris edition, and they have two young daughters):

A society editor: "What sort of gifts will you be taking back with you, Adeline?"

Miss Fitzgerald: "Well, my daughters insist I bring back Revlon's Aquamarine lotion. It isn't as if we didn't have cosmetics in Paris, but they read American magazines. I've also got to find a Peter Pan bra for the older one. And she informs me that I'm to be sure to bring one that's without the 'hidden treasure.'"

Columnist: "I've never been able to figure out the logic of these things. Girls must have some kind of results in mind, but if the enticement is successful, how can the results work out?"

The good old days in the Chicago newspaper business were discussed.

Miss Fitzgerald: "I've been in the offices of all the dailies since I've been back, and it seems to me that things are a bit more constrained than they used to be."

Society writer: "They sure are. Used to be, I'd brew a pot of coffee in the morning and everyone from copy boys to the managing editor would smell it and drift in with a cup. Now I feel guilty when I take time for a coke."

There was some gossip.

First lady: "What ever happened to Elsie?"

Second lady: "Oh, it's Elsa, now. I think she's been psychoanalyzed."

Third lady: "Had a letter from her at Christmas. She and her husband have both retired from the newspaper business and are busy taking over a small town in California."

First lady: "You know, I'll never forget Elsie. She's the one who was always going to start a chicken farm. 'On a small scale at first,' she'd say, 'only six hens and six roosters to start.'"

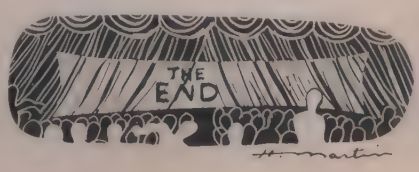
A small political conversation developed when one of the older writers, staring into her second cup of Irish coffee, said, "What's the use of it all? The Communists are going to have us all, anyway." Miss Fitzgerald told how her daughter saw a Communist student demonstration outside her *lycée* one afternoon and ran all the way home, explaining to her mother that because she had on her saddle shoes she was certain they would know she was a capitalist and chase her.

The party ended on a philosophical note. One of the veteran writers gasped when she remembered that Miss Fitzgerald hadn't written for the *American* since 1943, but then added, "Well, you know, it's the social calendar that makes the years go by so fast. First there's the Christmas parties, and then Cotillion, then the Fashion group's spring show. Then it's time for all the June weddings, then back to college, then Christmas again, and I guess before we realize it it's time to retire, like Elsie, to some town in California."

Miniature kerosene lamps from Honolulu ushered the evening graciously into the apartment, and before the sun had set behind the *Daily News* building most of the guests had departed, only a few leaving cigarette stubs in Miss Deshais' china saucers.

IT IS WRITTEN

On the window of a toy store at 99th and Wood: "If you see what you like, tell Grandma."



pictures by United Press except Morrison hotel.

Between the city hall and the Morrison hotel, headquarters of Democratic Central committee, Mayor Daley has his hands full. How to be a conscientious mayor and an effective political boss at the same time is the most basic problem of his administration.

HOW GOOD A MAYO

A seasoned political writer examines the first year of an administration with great potential and some crucial stumbling blocks.

by Gerry Robichaud

To some of his severer critics, the "honeymoon" of Mayor Richard J. Daley has been inordinately long. They feel that the mayor has enjoyed a respite from critical prying into his official boudoir that he doesn't necessarily deserve. The facts are, of course, that Mayor Daley has received a considerable measure of critical appraisal by the press and the public. And if the verdict has not been as harsh as some people would wish it to be, it is perhaps because the worst has not come to pass.

In spite of the dire pre-election warnings of a year ago, the city hasn't become a wide-open town under Daley's magistracy. Organized gambling, vice and corruption are still with us to some degree—as they may well be until the millenium. But there is no valid evidence that it is much easier than it was before Daley's election to place a bet with a bookie, to play policy, to purchase narcotics, or to engage in a paid romantic dalliance

S DALEY?

with a sporting lady. On the other hand, there is no evidence that it is any harder to indulge in those activities than it was before Daley moved into city hall. Up to now it might be said that the mayor has preserved the status quo so far as such problems of law enforcement are concerned.

Whether that will be true a year from now, or even six months from now, remains to be seen. By virtue of his professional political standing, Daley's bonds with the all-powerful Democratic ward committeemen are necessarily close, whereas those between the committeemen and Daley's predecessor, Martin H. Kennelly, were virtually nonexistent. It could be argued on that basis that Daley would not be inclined to interfere with a particular committeeman who has made arrangements with a district police captain to take off any heat that may have been applied to illicit operations in his ward. But the argument is more plausible than it is realistic.

Whatever his faults, Mayor Daley has a clear concept of the meaning of political leadership—and it calls for being a leader when, in his opinion, the occasion so demands. It is not likely that he would countenance any connivance between a ward committeeman and the police that posed a grave threat to public morals or that would so anger most decent citizens as to hurt the Democratic party in the ward.

On the other hand, the mayor understands human nature and he would not interpose any serious objection if the committeeman sought no more than to permit a "friendly" poker game, or a bit of horseplaying that would keep the addicts happy and yet not impinge on the rights and prerogatives of citizens who eschew such pursuits.

THERE IS A DISTINCTION without much of a difference between such a policy and what went on during the Kennelly era. Mayor Kennelly declined to be contaminated by politics, and hence was in no position to exercise political leadership. Except in a remote way, he had little truck with the ward committeemen—even those who were also members of the City Council. He kept out of the committeemen's way as much as he could, and they out of his. Kennelly unquestionably elevated the tone of government at city hall by his monumental honesty. But his monumental indifference to the heart and sinew of politics left the committeemen with more freedom to do as they pleased in their wards than they had enjoyed in many years.

Where and when there was a decline in organized gambling and vice in any ward, it must be attributed to waning public interest in such pursuits more than to any concerted positive action on Kennelly's part.

The late Edward J. Kelly, Kennelly's immediate predecessor, knew where so many political bodies were buried that he could make ward committeemen come to heel with a mere nod.

Daley conforms more closely to the Kelly pattern than to the Kennelly mold, though he lacks, at least up to this point, much of Kelly's ruthlessness.

If the city is kept relatively free of organized crime, whether perpetrated by the Syndicate or anyone else, Daley can rightly claim a good deal of the credit. Conversely, he must take much of the blame if there is a resurgence of organized gambling and vice, as well as the attendant political and police corruption that is indispensable to unmolested outlawry of that type.

While many unflattering things were said about Daley by his political foes and the newspapers which opposed his election against the newly converted Republican, one-time Democrat Bob Merriam, nobody accused him of dollar dishonesty or lack of intellect.

In fact, the opposition papers (the *Sun-Times*, *Tribune* and *Daily News*) praised his personal honesty and his intelligence. Daley is jealous of his reputation on both scores and it is inconceivable that he would risk it by tolerating gambling and vice conditions which would evoke great public furor or be personally and morally repugnant to him.

If an important chink is to be found in Daley's armor, the critic must look beyond such obvious manifestations of political chicanery and collusion. It is undeniable, of course, that he has proposed nothing that would strengthen the police department by

giving it greater freedom from political control. For instance, he has not so much as acknowledged numerous suggestions for placing the department under a completely independent civilian commissioner or commission. But that does not foreclose the real possibility that at the proper time he would use his power as mayor to make sure that the police under career Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor, whom he inherited from Kennelly, cracked down where cracking down was needed.

IT IS IN THE MORE abstruse aspects of the political art, to which he has dedicated virtually his whole career, that Daley has shown a disturbing tendency to be a "go-along guy." He is enough of a realist and honest enough to have resisted great pressure against reappointing John F. Ward as city purchasing agent. He knew that there would be a tremendous public outcry if the clock were turned back to the days when city purchasing ignored businesslike methods to confer upon political favorites lush contracts that doubled or tripled the cost to the taxpayers.

But his praiseworthy reappointment of Ward, whom he also inherited from Kennelly and whom most machine Democrats dislike, should not be permitted to obscure what Daley has been doing to civil service. If he denied the spoilsmen an easy and lucrative racket by hanging on to Ward, he softened their sense of outrage by an implied promise of patronage jobs that would stem from a weakening of the civil service system.

To a large extent it might be said that under Daley the civil service system has come to a standstill. Under Kennelly and his ruggedy individualistic and honest civil service chief, Stephen E. Hurley, about 92 per cent of the city's housekeeping staff—some 33,000 workers—were brought under the merit system. "Temporary employes," as timeservers are mostly classified, were kept to a minimum. Not so under the Daley regime and the civil service chairmanship of William A. Lee, head of the Chicago Federation of Labor, whose integrity has been unwittingly undermined by the little time he has to devote to the job and his indifference toward it. Between the time Daley took office on April 20, 1955, and January 1, 1956, the number of temporary employes was increased 634—from the previous year's figure of 3,562 to 4,196.

Of itself, the increase of 634 temporary employes should not be overly alarming. But, considering it alongside tampering with civil service promotion lists, methods and procedures by the Daley administration, even the most charitable observer cannot avoid an uneasy feeling that he is only seeing the one-seventh of the iceberg that protrudes above the surface.

In this age of relatively high private wages and salaries, city patronage jobs are not the political inducements they once were. But for the precinct captain or worker seeking to augment his regular income with a minimum of service to the city, the jobs are still attractive. If the increase in temporary jobs is a trend, as seems quite likely, civil service faces bad days indeed, and the taxpayer is in for a rooking.

PUBLIC SUSPICION on this score is fully justified by the aspersions that have been cast on the present civil service system and on the late Stephen Hurley by Fred K. Hoehler, the mayor's special advisor. In previous posts, as Adlai Stevenson's state welfare chief and as the head of the Citizens of Greater Chicago, Hoehler has discharged his public responsibilities honorably and with credit to his administrative abilities and zeal for civic betterment.

In a civil service study that he undertook for Daley, Hoehler found much to criticize about the present setup—and much of the criticism was valid and undoubtedly familiar to anyone who knows civil service well enough to recognize and admit its shortcomings. But the effect of Hoehler's report, whether he intended it or not, was to provide Daley with valuable ammunition against civil service as a whole. This is not to argue that Hoehler should have submitted a dishonest report. But as wise and experienced a head as Hoehler's should have known that there was a need for saving clauses that would have placed his findings in perspective, rather than letting them serve as the basis of an indictment of civil service which Daley can use to political advantage. Many of the good things that Hoehler proposed have been lost sight of because of the intemperate and unfair tone of his main complaints. It was Daley who reaped the benefit and it is no wonder that he speaks of Hoehler in the highest and most laudatory terms.

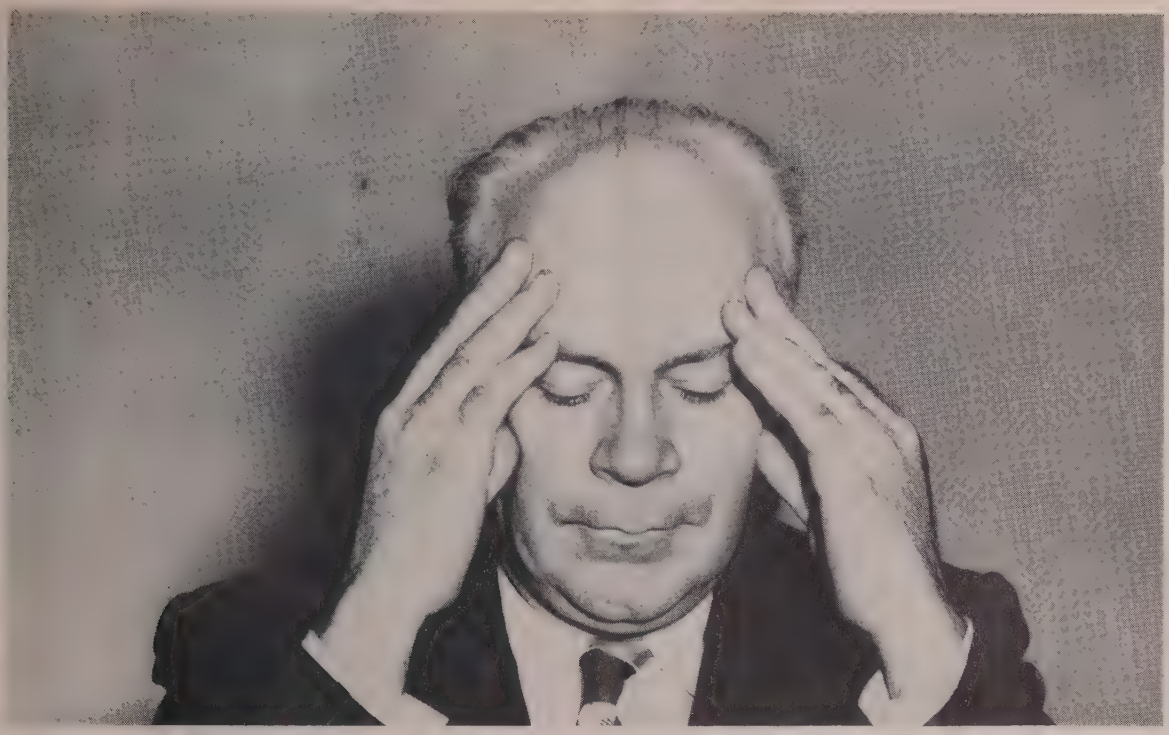
If the Morrison hotel Democrats want patronage jobs, in keeping with the classical concept of how to maintain a political machine in good working order, Daley, as of now, seems inclined to go along. More than that, Daley is pretty much Mr. Morrison Hotel Democrat himself. He has retained his post as Cook County Democratic boss by holding on to the chairmanship of the county central committee. It might be said that in his campaign of attrition against civil service, Mayor Daley was called on the carpet by County Boss Daley and decided it was the better part of wisdom to open the city payroll as much as possible to deserving party workers.

In any conflict between Dick Daley, mayor of Chicago, and Dick Daley, county Democratic boss, it is quite likely that the county boss will emerge triumphant, provided no unconscionable raid on the city treasury were involved. The key is in the definition of "unconscionable." It would not be unconscionable, for example, to reward a loyal and effective precinct captain with a $4,000 or $5,000 city payroll job for which he might do little more than show up to collect his paycheck on schedule. Why should the taxpayer gripe? If it weren't for such devoted precinct captains how could any man be elected mayor to give his best to the citizens of Chicago? Since the average citizen is too lazy or indifferent to do much except leave the management of local government in the hands of the machine (be it Democratic or Republican), why should he object to paying a fee for the use of the machine?

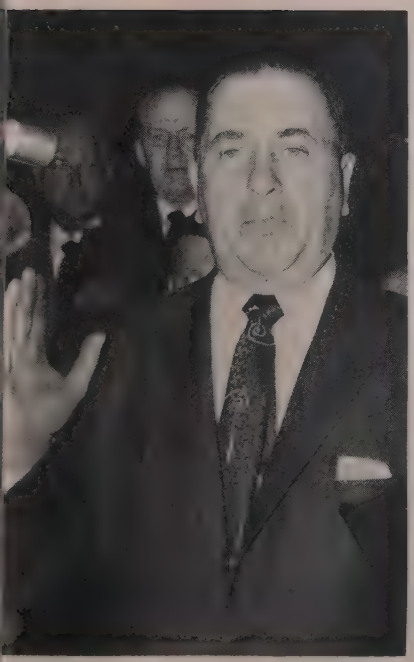
THE MACHINE IS MADE UP of many parts—human parts, human beings. If you prick them, they bleed. If you tickle them, they laugh. If you deny them food, they starve, and so do their children. So what is unconscionable about seeing to it that they get their proper rewards? What's a few measly thousand dollars here and there to keep the machine healthy and vigorous, to keep it serving "the people" so beloved of the professionals who seek public office?

But in Dick Daley's lexicon, as was demonstrated in the case of his reappointment of Purchasing Agent Ward, it would be unconscionable to disburse millions of dollars merely to enrich a contractor with the proper political clout. Of course, if the right contractor showed up at the right time with the right bid—and it so happened he had the right political connections—that would be something else again. All things being equal, why shouldn't he get the job?

Perhaps we of this city are fortunate that the old-time political contracting firms have grown up. They are no less political than they used to be. But they are also big and legitimate in their own right. There was a time when it was politics and politics only that got them city business. But now they can stand up against the toughest competitor not only in bidding for city business but also in



Perplexed attitude of Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor may match Daley's feeling when he thinks about O'Connor's department. So far, Daley has not only kept the commissioner he inherited from Mayor Kennelly, but maintained the status quo in law enforcement. He has not created the wide-open town predicted by his political opponents, nor has he cracked down noticeably on rackets and police corruption. He has ignored suggestions that he appoint a civilian to head the police department and undertake elimination of its middle-man role between politicians and racketeers.



Shortly after he was inaugurated, left, Mayor Daley met with Governor Stratton, right, and achieved one of the major victories of his administration—state authorization for badly needed increases in city revenue. The same meeting, however, led to rumors that Daley agreed not to try too hard to defeat Stratton's current bid for reelection. Vigorously denied by both executives, these reports may be verified or disproved when the returns are in.

One area in which Daley has clearly surpassed Kennelly is the vigorous pushing to completion of long-delayed public works projects. Police escort roared down Congress Street expressway at opening of section between Laramie and Ashland, above, after Daley had ordered extra shifts to complete work on time. The mayor was also instrumental in getting recalcitrant airlines to transfer some of their flights from Midway airport to new O'Hare field, below.

bidding for jobs for private industry. They can often under-bid other firms because they are bigger, better organized, more efficient. Politics gave them their start, but now they no longer need to grease aldermanic or other city hall palms to obtain business; they can get it on their merits. That doesn't, of course, bar campaign contributions to "worthy" candidates for city hall or other high public offices. But campaign contributions are one thing and graft is another.

In drawing a distinction—and to him a difference—between what is conscionable and what is unconscionable, politically speaking, we may be sure that Mayor Daley or Boss Daley loses no sleep. His conscience is clear and he is at peace with the world; his sleep is the sleep of the just. And we may be sure too that our Janus-headed friend Dick Daley did not become a victim of insomnia when a few short weeks ago he piously proclaimed himself in favor of an open primary in April, only to be "overruled" by his handpicked committee of Democratic slate-makers.

What Daley said he favored in the forthcoming statewide primary was a free-for-all race for available offices, with the organization refraining from endorsing any particular candidate for any particular race. It was a position at variance with Daley's oft-stated philosophy of party responsibility, but it had a fine democratic ring that must have appealed to many people. However, Daley had scarcely spoken when Gentleman Joe Gill, Daley's predecessor as county boss and his choice as head of the slatemaking committee, let it be known that the mayor was uttering childish heresy. Daley notwithstanding, the slatemakers endorsed their ticket and effectively shut out any opposition except that of Morris B. Sachs, who is taking on County Treasurer Herbert C. Paschen, the organization choice for the gubernatorial nomination.

THE ARGUMENT HAS BEEN MADE that if Daley were truly the leader of the county Democratic machine he would have forced Gentleman Joe and the rest to bow to his dictates on an open primary. But let no one be deceived. Daley is indeed the leader, and if he had really wanted an open primary he would have got it. But Daley is intelligent and shrewd enough to know that once having spoken and once having been "overruled" by the "democratic" process of a majority vote of the committee, he would not be excoriated too harshly by the press or anyone else.

How could any guardian of public morality, as it were, criticize Daley for not using his dictatorial powers for a good end without giving blanket approbation to the philosophy of the ends justifying the means? Daley knew that if anyone were in a trap it was his would-be critics and not himself. He was on record as favoring an open primary, and that was that. Had he wielded his unquestioned authority to achieve a desirable objective, why could he not be equally dictatorial to achieve less desirable or even undesirable goals?

Nevertheless, the slatemaking results have not been as uniformly pleasant and happy as Daley might wish. The relative weakness of the officially endorsed state ticket has revived the old rumors—often denied—that Daley and Governor Stratton made a deal when the mayor went to Springfield to obtain the governor's support for a half-cent city sales tax and other concessions for Chicago. As the rumor went—if it is actually no more than a rumor—Stratton's quid pro quo was assurances from Daley that the Cook county Democrats would not endorse a gubernatorial candidate who would give Stratton too much trouble in the November elections.

Stratton and Daley both have bitterly denied the existence of such an agreement. Certainly Herb Paschen, the Democratic choice, is far from being the weakest candidate the Democrats could have selected; but on balance it must be admitted that he has a long way to go before he can hope to catch up with Stratton's acquaintanceship throughout the state. On the other hand, Paschen is undoubtedly less of a political unknown than Adlai Stevenson was in 1948. The Paschen name today is more widely known in Illinois than Stevenson's was at the time he triumphed over Gov. Dwight (Pete) Green. But Paschen doesn't have the advantage of challenging an opponent who has fallen so deeply in public disrepute as Green had when Stevenson successfully challenged him.

Suburbanite Paschen has proven to be a phenomenal Democratic vote-getter in the Republican suburbs of Cook county where the enthusiasm for Stratton is somewhat muted, owing partly to the governor's toll road program and a snobbish distrust of his slick down-state political mannerisms, behavior and tactics. If and when Paschen wins the nomination, the best measure of whether or not Daley made a deal with Stratton will be found in the size of the majority which the Daley machine delivers for Paschen in the city. Yet, until the votes are counted, there are bound to be nasty stories that nasty things went on between Daley and Stratton in Springfield.

At this writing, Daley has been mayor for ten months. It is, of course, too early to form an objective, definitive judgment as to what his whole performance will be. But in the space of a few months he has done many commendable things. His appointments to the Board of Education have been good ones. In selecting most of his city hall "cabinet," he has chosen well. The newspapers which unanimously opposed his nomination bid against Martin Kennelly (and which may be unconsciously gun-shy because of his decisive victory) have praised Daley more than they have damned him.

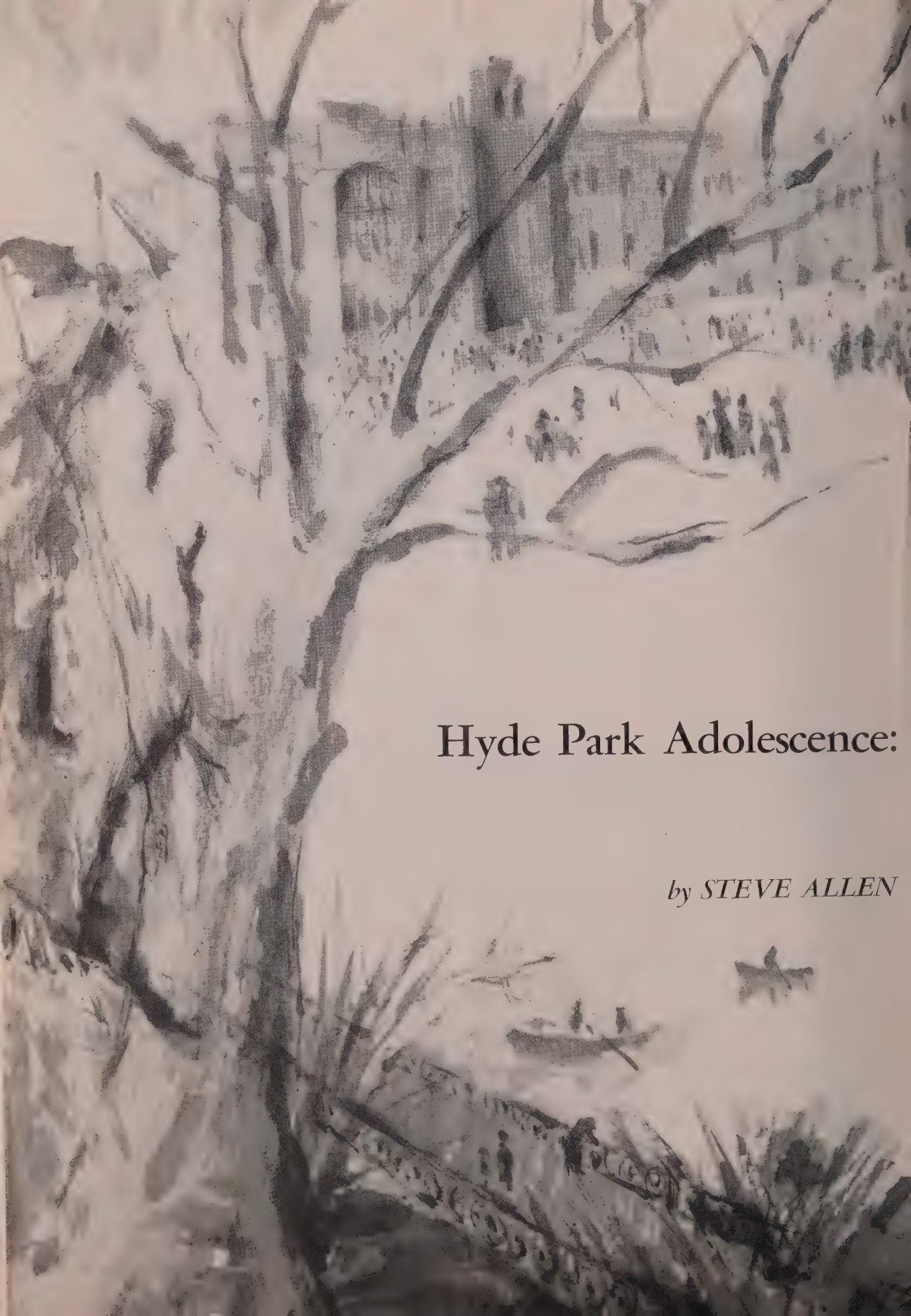
If he has been a credit-snatcher, taking bows for important civic improvements originating with Kennelly or even earlier city hall regimes, it must be admitted that Daley has done much to step up the tempo of converting these plans into reality. He moved in fast and decisively to put O'Hare International airport into partial operation, and he acted expeditiously to hasten Congress street expressway construction.

Most important of all, he did go to Springfield and he did obtain from Governor Stratton and the legislature the tools for obtaining more city revenue without boosting real estate taxes. Ironically, what widespread criticism there is of Daley among ordinary citizens stems from his badly needed revenue raising moves. There are a lot of plain citizens who resent vociferously the half-cent city sales tax and the five per cent utilities tax—the latter perhaps even more than the former.

In many respects, Dick Daley has been a good mayor. If he could keep his temper in check and stop blowing off like the eccentrically self-righteous John Gutknecht every time that he is criticized, Daley would be an even better mayor. After a while the public becomes justifiably suspicious of any public servant who must heatedly proclaim his virtues and the purity of his motives whenever some pecadillo or other happens to come under public scrutiny.

Daley is undeniably a politician and a thoroughly professional one. But in the long pull is that necessarily bad? Would the knowledgeable citizen of Chicago call in a physician to repair the house plumbing or call in a plumber to repair the citizen's internal plumbing?

Daley has the personal and political strength to be an exceptionally good and effective mayor. As Chicagoans, we can all hope that he will use his bountiful talents to make our city the cleaner, safer, more pleasant and prosperous place he has so often envisioned. ■



Hyde Park Adolescence:

by STEVE ALLEN

Across the way the world is climbing greener
and overhead the sky is higher blue.
Gone is the silence, gone the ragged bushes;
Where gaunt grey forms against the sky have fled.
A hum, like some far-off mumbling of voices
Awakens each firm blade, each thin-curled leaf.

The crusted snow lies crouched in shaded hollows
Hiding 'neath old leaves and crisp new greens
But now the sun sends down its hot bold fingers
That pry among the leaves and send the snow
New-born in rivulets to lower places.

Beneath the bridge dark forms glide on the water;
Lean ducks, announcing Spring's advent to trees,
Spring's advent to the wind and to each other;
They glide with no seen effort to the bank
And then are gone beneath a shadowed curve.
There!
See, there!
A swallow sweeps an arc against the air,
Hurdles a branch
Is gone
And now across the trees
The sound of girls comes through the still school-front
Moves laughing past the street and to the shade,
And slips among the green-furred limbs of trees.
Soft laughter rises and is answered soft
By waves that laugh behind the rocks, by laughter
From a rowboat out on the lagoon,
From half a world of sleepy, blinking buds
As now the open-coated students come
Arm-in-arm along the sun-flecked lane.

A street-car flashes red beneath the branches
Leaving in its wake a hundred heads
Turned to the window, resting on cupped hands
And nodding sleepily to goddess Spring.

II

The steely-eyed, the raven-haired instructress
Observes the empty desk along the wall
And with her purplish lips implies disgust,
The check-mark made, the blot against the record
Is added with the pen that purply writes
Thereafter soon replaced between the fingers

Illustrated by Art Lerner

By firm, white chalk that scrapes *habla; hablas.*
While in the park the boy with chin in hand
Is gazing at reflections on the water
Reflections in a wrinkled, mottled mirror
That corrugates the sky and pleats the clouds.
He takes a pencil from the leather jacket
And writes a note of farewell. Suicidal
And full of immature maturity.
Dying of cures for which there's no disease,
He writes and weeps and laughs and tears the paper
To gay confetti, sprinkling it among
The tide-lapped roots of trees that edge the pool.

The simple writing having cleansed him some,
The mere observance of the placid swans
Having to some degree restored his soul,
He rises now and tucks his shirt-tails in
And tilts his peaked fedora at an angle
Both Cagney-brash and Bogart-cavalier
Sucking down his lungs the smell of grass
Determined, through the alchemy of spring,
To lick the world or tell it to go jump.

III

So passing from his quiet sanctuary
He crosses car-tracks, goes among the strangers
Among the tired faces and the lost
Among the waddling wives and chuckling Negroes
Among the drug-store cowboys and the whores
Among the red-necked Polish janitors
Among the infants, candy-smeared and squalling
Among the winos huddled in the alley
Among the laundry hung near the spewing chimneys,
The contraceptives drying in the gutter,
The flies soft-buzzing in the garbage cans,
Bob Elson's voice that floats from radios
Saying "Zeke Bonura's up at bat,"
The icemen peering up at dirty windows,
The swaggering gangs of toughs who scowl and shout,
The afternoony, cold-damp smell of beer.
And then, unhappily his own apartment:
The Filipinos giggling on the steps,
The smell of cabbage in the shadowed hall,
The smell of rats beneath the rotting stairs,
The smell of Lysol and of Lifebuoy Soap,
The smell of ancient litter in the court,
The smell of death and faint dime-store perfume.

And in his room the thread-bare carpeting
He did not want his richer friends to see,
The stain of bugs killed on the wall at night,
The Sears and Roebuck curtains, and the paint
That chipped and peeled in layers on the sills.

And at such moments strange resolves were born,
Dim pledges, subterranean and sly
Unnamed, unrecognized but surely living,
Lurking far beneath the surface, waiting
For the magic-time, the soft tomorrow,
And yet determined if it did not come
To break out wildly, seek it here or there.

IV

List here the audit. These, the things he did:
He bought a scrap-book at the five-and-ten
And in it wrote the names of all the stars,
The names of all the gods and goddesses
That he had ever chanced to see in person.
Jack Dempsey he wrote down, and *Maxie Baer*
And *Mayor Kelly*, yes, and *Dick Foran*
And *Cecil B. DeMille* and *Gypsy Rose*,
Cab Calloway, and *Rudy Vallee*, too.

The patient dolts who stand in rain and sleet
Beseeching autographs get evidence
At least of having spoken to their idols
But he had never even done as much.
He stood and watched and then went home and wrote
Their names into his book and felt that glow
Of empty pride that puffs the faceless up
Because they can identify themselves
With Mount Olympus, standing at its foot.
One time he chanced to find a photograph
Of Harry James with printed signature.
"Best Chesterfield Wishes" were the words
And this he put into the family album
Beside a picture of a long-dead uncle
For he had voids that needed to be filled
But not the what-have-you to fill them with.

V

These were the strange unknowing things he did:
He took his girl to see a picture-show
And sat with eyes unseeing, moving slowly,
Yawning, stretching, letting his arm fall
Behind her shoulder tentatively, shy,
Eyes fixed upon the screen but seeing nothing,
Brain spinning with the dizzy, damp-palmed hope
That now his arm might curve around the girl
And that she might move to him, even smile.
But used he soon became to disapproving
Gasps and frowns and "goodness me's" and "no's"
And quietly accepted small rejections
Forever after through the tender years.

These were the small rebellious things he did:
He looked into the mirror at himself
And saw the ribs that waved the whitish flesh,
The thin, straight arms, the adolescent neck,
The Adam's-apple and the sloping shoulders.
Withal he fiercely scowled and shadow-boxed
And muttered deadly threats at absent foes
And did a dozen push-ups till his arms
Were quivering and sweat had bathed his back.
Then springing up he'd punch the nameless air
And bare his teeth and cry with empty fury.
He looked into the mirror at himself
And saw the pimples speckled on his chin
And thought of taking Fleischmann's Yeast in water.
He put Noxzema on his nose at night
And wet his thin straight hair and made a wave
With water and a comb, because a girl
Had said, "You look a bit like Robert Donat."
And Donat had a wave, so so should he
And nightly he performed the ritual
Massaging dime-store oil into his scalp
And peering at himself and posturing
And dreaming that he might become a teacher
Like Mr. Chips and be well-loved and praised.

VI

These were the blind unknowing things he did:
He went to church and tried to talk to God
And hoped for miracles and wondrous signs
And tried to fight the sensuality
That overcame him and was destined to.
And then was filled with guilt and beat his breast
That there were women kneeling in the church
Soft-scented with perfume or gaily clad
Who made him dizzy in the house of God.
He reeled out into the night and swore
And wondered why a man might not get married
When he was fourteen years of age and able
To procreate and feel love for a woman.
Thus swearing, praying, lusting, fearing so
Between presumption and despair he hung;
His idols: *Jesus Christ* and *Charles Atlas*,
His idols: *Mary* and *Loretta Young*
His idols: *Sergeant York* and meek *St. Francis.*
Get-Rich-Quick and Blessed-Be-The-Poor,
Eye-for-eye and turn-the-other-cheek,
The Lilies-of-the-field and Carson-Pirie's,
Love-thy-neighbor hey, but hate-the-Jews,
Christmas-midnight-Mass but first-get-drunk,
How-to-dance and keep-your-hands-off-girls;
Inconsistencies and contradictions
Which all can see if Lucky Strikes and Camels
Make conflicting claims but few admit
If Rome and Salt Lake City come to blows.

VII

Small wonder then it was that, sadly troubled,
He ran away into himself and spoke
But rarely to his people, to his mother
Yet longing for an ear to match his mouth,
He read *The Shadow* and *The Dictionary*
Missed more school and haunted the museums,
Spent days in quiet libraries alone
Searching for the wisdom of the ages,
Sat in Thompson's Restaurant and wrote
Tragic verse to girls who never read it,
Saw a face once on a passing bus,
(Dark blue eyes and teeth that flashed a smile)
And blushed and ran alongside till the bus
Had stopped and then, wonder of wonders,
The girl got off and went into a tea-room
And in a daze he followed her and sat,
His face a mask of longing, at a table
Where he ate a sandwich, watched, and waited
Till at last the girl oblivious
Or seeming to be so got up and left
And walked away and there the story ended.

AND SUMMER

VIII

Down from the massive pillars come soft sounds
Of pigeons crowding 'neath the great stone eaves;

That sound and not one other hangs on air,
So heavy is the hush that wraps its folds
About the school and seems to stifle sound.
A vacuum forms in space, in time, in air
For half a second. Then a sudden thrill
Goes through the building as the bell screams out!
A hundred rooms burst open and from each
Quick feet run out and quick lips gaily laugh.

The Pillars brace against the happy shock
Of students rushing through the open doors . . .
Pajamas, culottes, slacks . . . red, green, and white . . .
Come flashing out. Boys, wearing bright-hued things
That could, perhaps, pass for pyjama tops
That rival flowers growing in the park
And for sheer color make the tulips pale.
Some dash across the tracks to catch a car
While others make for cool drugstores and cokes,
And soon the last is gone. Then the hot hush
Creeps back to wrap itself about the walls,
And not a sound is heard but pigeons cooing.
Then distant voices from the park "Strike two!"
"You're crazy. That was more'n a mile wide!"
But after these have stopped, the cloying heat
Still presses down, and still is there next morning.
The city thirsts, and in the gutter-edges
The heated tar shows prints of heels and tires.

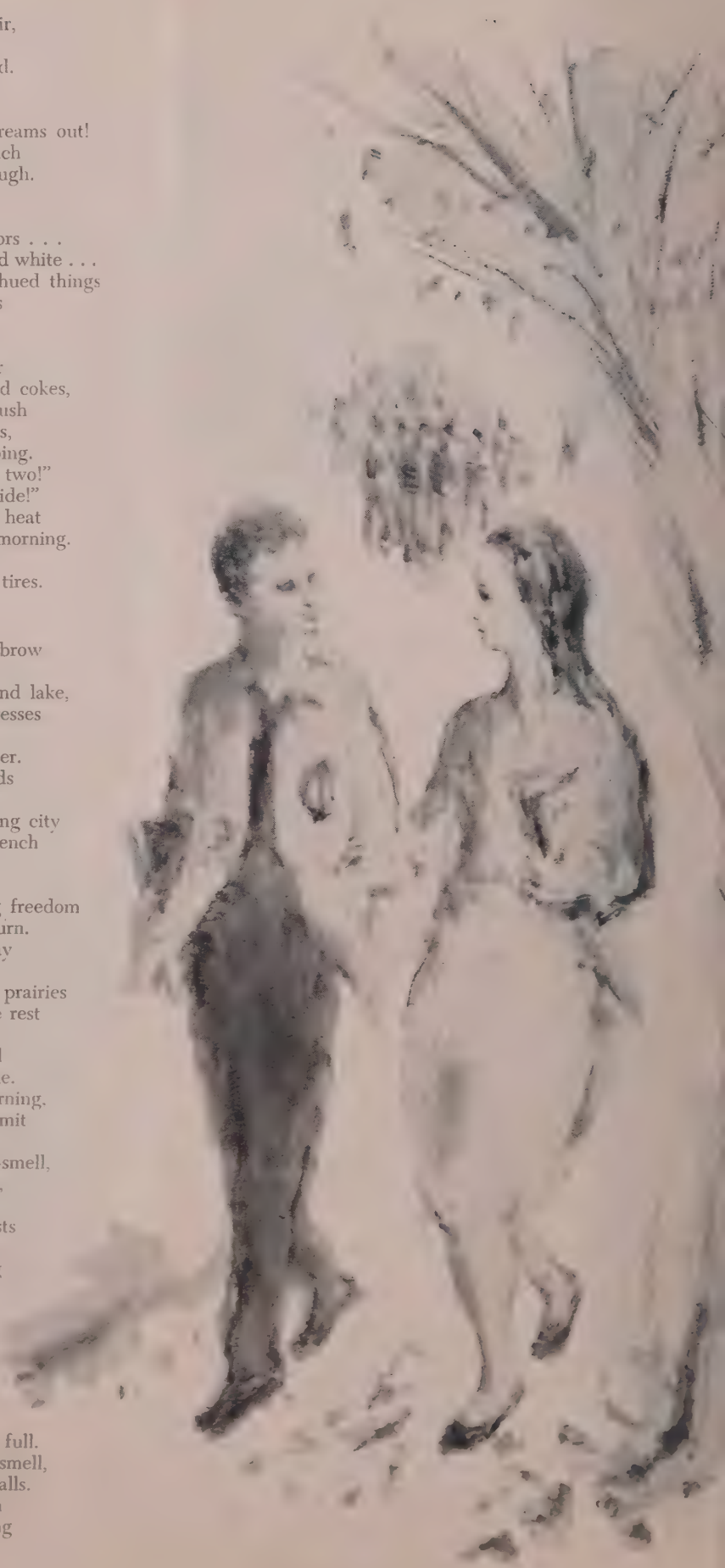
IX

The boy pulls up his bike and wipes his brow
And looks into the morning, sniffs the air
Detects the breeze from off the haze-bound lake,
Observes the dark-eyed Jewish girls in dresses
Open at the throat and loosely drawn
About their legs as they head for the water.
Then, showing off, he rides about no-hands
And on a sudden impulse pedals off
And speeds far south, beyond the sprawling city
Beyond the mills of Gary, through the stench
Of oil refineries and rotting rivers
Sulphurously dying in their beds.
He wings off through the morning tasting freedom
And dreams of some dim point of no return.
He flushes rabbits hiding near the highway
As meadowlarks, astounded, oo-ee-oo.
He shies at garter-snakes and smells the prairies
And reads the Burma-Shave signs and the rest
Until at last exhausted, muscles shaking,
He stops, and with dejection turns around
And wheels back to the city and its rumble.
Through the soft, pale, oyster-hue of morning,
Past the slag-choked rivers filled with vomit
From the mouths of mighty metal mills,
Past the smoking chimneys and the meat-smell,
Past the Slavic strangers moving bear-like,
Gleaming rails thudding 'neath his tires,
Noon-time whistles, lowing like blind beasts
And all the thun'dring clatter of the city
Falls upon his head and sets him thinking
Of the great clear vistas of the West,
Of the soft green hills of Pennsylvania,
Of the flowery California valleys,
Of the magic Anywhere But Here.

AND AUTUMN

X

Vacation come and gone, the schools are full.
The students' sweaters have a moth-ball smell,
And in the lots the air is filled with footballs.
The park is yellow now and golden-brown
And on the street-cars early in the morning



The people laugh and, breathing, see the vapor
Float lightly from their open mouths and say
"She's getting cold again," or "Forty-seven,
That's what it was this morning after breakfast."

The park can little longer play the hostess
To him who wandered through it in the Spring
Unmindful of his duties. Now determined
To do a better job in all his classes
The boy contributes poetry to papers,
Applies himself to Spanish and to Math,
Eyes the strange new girls who now surround him
And feels exhilaration at their nearness.

At night he wanders with the gang on Woodlawn,
Up Fifty-Third and maybe to a show.
He smiles at stars and sees the globed street-lamps
Hung like pearls about the city's throat.
He feels a power and an eager longing
To be, to do, to change, to fight, to love
And hates to spend a solitary moment
At home or with his mother or his aunts
And feels some guilt at all his strange desires.
(He did not manufacture them himself).

XI

The golden Autumn afternoons are shorter
As deeply now the scent of burning leaves
Perfumes the air and drifts among the branches
Of newly naked trees. At night the candles
Speak of Hallowe'en and he remembers
Ghosts from out of childhood half-forgotten.
New friends he makes; the gentle English teacher
(Who might have read the book "The Corn is Green")
For there are ways in which she understands him
That his own people never could discover.
With praise she gives him confidence to enter
An essay contest which, praise God, he wins!
A hundred-dollar prize goes to the victor!
And from that moment he has goals to aim at
And all his wildest energy is channelled.
He wants to rush about and pull up trees,
To be an actor, be a missionary,
Be a writer, be a wise professor,
Be a saint or be the greatest sinner.
At night he prowls the streets, a happy panther
At liberty to slip amongst the trees,
Howl threats up to the moon or kiss the wind.

Or now he is a lean, lone Gary Cooper
A-sidling into town, aloof and stolid,
Or now he is a Boyer, debonair
And sad-eyed, staring at a lady's bosom.
Or now he is Lon Warneke, his fingers
Twined around a baseball, leg in air,
Peering at first base then hurling swiftly,
Throwing up a fast-ball, straight and vicious.

Or now he is a blank-faced label-reader
Reading about Ovaltine and Pep,
Determining the vitamin content,
Sitting huddled at the breakfast table.
(Processed from sucrose, Diastatic Barley,
With Vitamins A, B, B_1 and C).
Or now he looks into the mottled mirror
And doesn't know just *who* the hell he is!

AND WINTER

XII

At morning, numb from sleep and standing stiffly
The boy waits on the North Side near the river
For the car that goes out Stony Island.

In the autumn there had been a battle
Such as only families can know,
An argument whipped up by that keen sense
Of intimacy and of life-long grudges
And finally the home had split asunder.
His mother took a place across the river
And now of mornings he would stiffly sit
Rocking with the motion of the street-car
Until with fist to cheek he'd fall asleep
To waken with a start by some bat-sense
That told him when he'd reached his destination.

He had a soft asthmatic cough and loved
To suck the juice from menthol candy-drops
And then inhale and feel the chilling tingle
Of wintry air slipping along his tongue
And knifing down into his tired lungs.

XIII

The last few withered parchments writ by Spring
Have ghosted from the trees to the hard ground
And now some teacher is inquiring crossly
"Haven't you ever seen it snow before?"
Eyes fall on books but lift back to the window
Drawn by gay flakes that dance their silent dance
Distractingly, mischievously and cool.

The stars had had a pillow-fight and all
The silent feathers toyed with gravity.

The stars had staged a big parade and all
The pale confetti fell along the canyons.

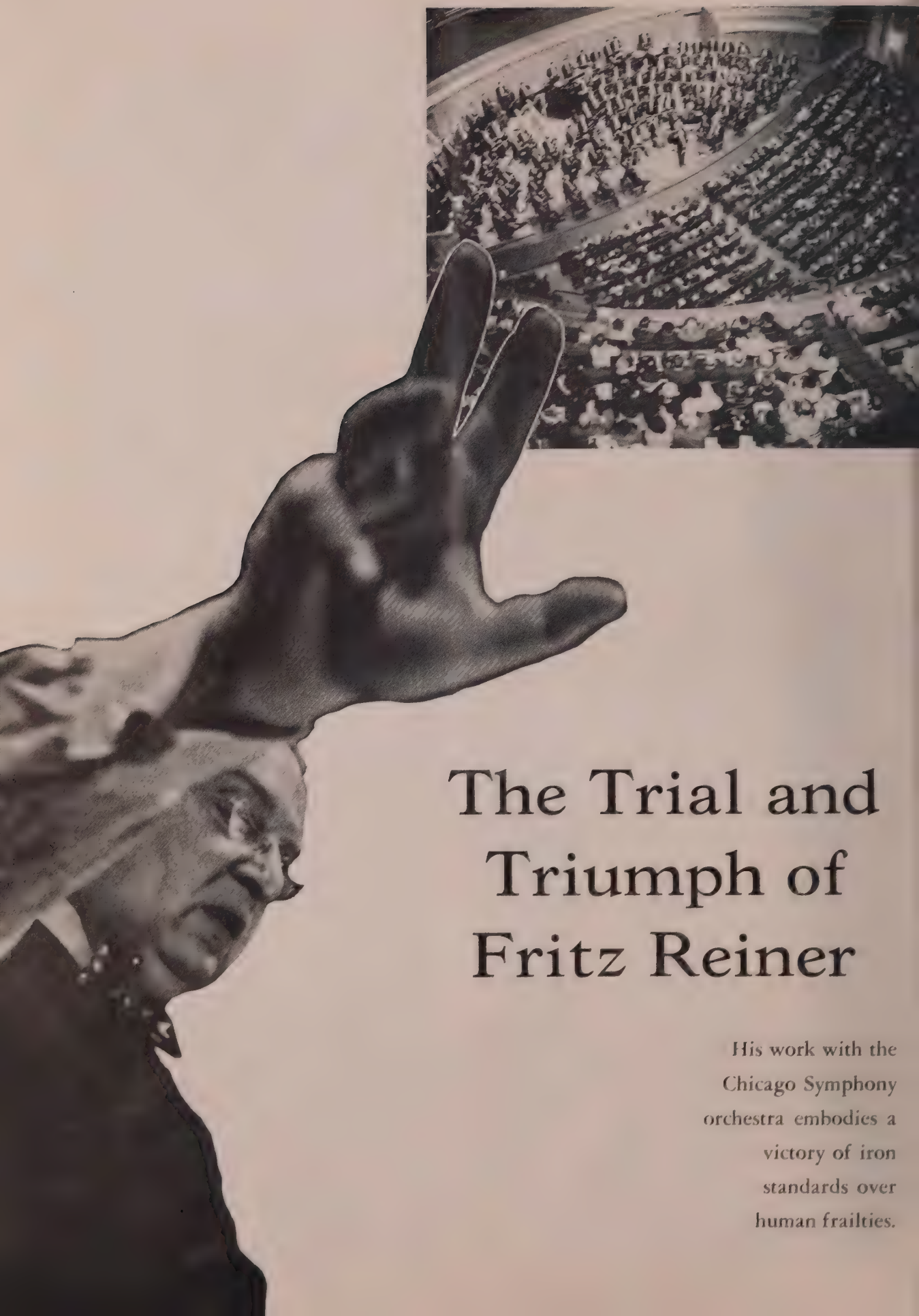
A harsh abrasive meteor had scraped
The tender moon and all the chips blew down.

The gods had laughed and in the chilly air
Their breaths condensed and shimmered to the earth.

The school's a rocket to the moon in truth.
For when the students entered all the world
Was bare and ugly concrete, brick and steel
But when the noon-bell rings the passengers
Will giddily alight and find themselves
Footloose upon some strange and magic land
Where manifestly man had never trod.
For evidence of his approach there's none;
No footsteps, no defilement of perfection.
The gasping passengers will test their footing,
Pick up the powdered earth and marvel at it,
Set out then to explore the wondrous region
And point out to each other scenes of interest
As do all travelers to a free, new world.

The year draws to a close leaving the boy
But little changed and yet most vastly so.
Two inches taller, hair upon his cheek,
A puppet rather badly put together,
Full six-feet tall but with an infant's head,
A poet's spirit but a child's mind,
Equipped with all the passions long before
Experience could dictate their intent.

At morning, wide-spaced footsteps hung themselves
In winding links across the quiet street,
Along the walk; and at the frosted door
The patterns jumbled and ran in, in pools.
Now noon's dim sun glows on the wet brown paths
Worn by galoshes, snow-soaked shoes, and boots:
Beams dully on the slosh churned up by wheels,
Insidiously attacking someone's snowman. ■



The Trial and Triumph of Fritz Reiner

His work with the Chicago Symphony orchestra embodies a victory of iron standards over human frailties.

by Irving Sablosky

On the night of December 19, 1955, Fritz Reiner walked onto the stage of Milwaukee's Pabst theater with his head full of Dvorak's *Carnaval* overture, the opening number in his program with the Chicago Symphony. Before he could step onto the podium, the orchestra began pouring music into his startled ears—music a long way from Dvorak. *Happy Birthday to You,* they tooted, and the audience (standing room only) joined in.

If Reiner was touched as well as surprised, it could be because the gesture told him that at 67 he had at last an orchestra that could meet him on his own ground and an audience eager for the best they could give.

Ten years earlier, the chances of Reiner's orchestra celebrating his birthday would have been slim. He was conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony then, and if a Reiner "legend" existed, it wasn't a happy one. Strict, sardonic, he was regarded as a holy terror. Impromptus were not encouraged, judging from one of the most durable Pittsburgh stories. During a rehearsal, it goes, the conductor noted incredulously that a bass player had pulled out a telescope and was sighting it toward the podium.

The music stopped. "And what are you doing?" Reiner asked quietly.

"Trying to find the beat," came the reply. If it was intended as a joke, it went over badly; the end of the story has one bass player out of a job.

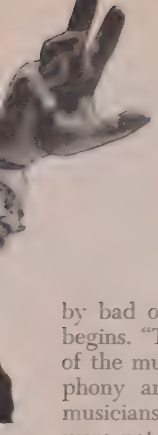
Though Reiner's rehearsals with the Chicago Symphony are closed to outsiders, no similar stories have seeped out of Orchestra hall. To the surprise of many, relations have been smooth and (except for minor administrative tiffs to be expected in any symphony operation) amicable among Reiner, his Chicago orchestra and its management.

When it was announced that the Orchestral association had engaged Reiner, New York managers shook their heads knowingly and offered to bet on the conductor's early exit. "The first year he will be fine; the second he will be a bit troublesome; the third he will be impossible," was a typical prognosis.

The crystal ball couldn't have been cloudier. The third season is now ending; the Chicago Symphony has never sounded so well in all its 65 years (it is easily one of the top three, possibly even the very finest orchestra in the country); Orchestra hall has never been so consistently filled; the orchestra's morale is at a new peak. And the Orchestral association has extended the Reiner engagement into 1958.

WHETHER CHICAGO IS SEEING a new Reiner or the old one in a new light is a moot question. Ask Reiner himself if he has changed since Pittsburgh and the characteristic answer comes after a short, sober pause: "I got younger."

If there seems to be some other difference, he can explain it. "I am loved by good musicians and hated



by bad ones all over the world," he begins. "That is as it should be. Most of the musicians in the Chicago Symphony are very good; most of the musicians in the Pittsburgh Symphony were not very good."

It is a typical Reiner speech. He states facts and lets conclusions be drawn. It is his way with music, too: Let the facts—the notes on the paper—be set forth as clearly as possible, and they will make their own points. In his three statements of explanation, Reiner virtually sums up his career.

From the beginning, he set himself a high standard, and he has never been able to tolerate a lower one in others. It is a standard of technical perfection, of disciplined precision, that he has cultivated to a point matched by no other conductor in the world.

"He is the Heifetz of conductors," one of his present musicians put it. And it is harder to be a Heifetz of conductors than a plain Heifetz. A soloist can make any demands on himself and he will have only himself to blame if they are not met.

The conductor, having met his own demands, asks the same from the 100 musicians under him. A missed cue, an off-pitch note, a staccato played a fraction too long or too short—such things may be tolerable errors once, but a second time they are crimes. The guilty ones, smarting under Reiner's verbal punishment, may complain that they were attacked on personal rather than on musical grounds. In a way they are right. Their crime was not so much against the music as against the Reiner standard.

They are not chastised so much for being bad musicians as for just being bad. For Reiner, it is all the same. A musician who doesn't produce precisely what is asked of him is a bad person, a despicable creature, a blotch on the face of music—and he must either change or go.

Even as he spoke, recently, of the high quality of his present orchestra, Reiner's eyes narrowed in afterthought, and he added, "There are still a few who don't fit . . . there will have to be some changes . . ."

FOR 45 YEARS he has pursued his ideal, almost as an obsession. Such considerations as tact, diplomacy, momentary compromise were of no interest to him. Some who have followed his career feel it was mainly this unbending attitude that kept him from rising earlier to his present point of celebrity.

He could be as sharp with managers and boards of directors as with musicians. If demands of a budget seemed to require an artistic compromise, Reiner would demand that the budget be changed. When his board in Pittsburgh wanted to shorten the orchestra's season and cut the personnel to 85, Reiner offered to take a cut in salary instead. When the offer was rejected, he resigned.

It wasn't the first time his inflexible standards had caused him trouble; and if there is a bitter quality about him (and about his music), it may stem from his knowledge that superlative accomplishment was not enough to put him securely on top.

Though he had a life-time contract at the Dresden State Opera, he found resentments and intrigues growing against him there; moving to the United States in 1922, he built the Cincinnati Symphony to new stature, only to find himself again in an uncomfortable situation. He left to accept the directorship of the orchestra at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, and succeeded in starting an opera company in that city—a company that lasted only one bright season.

Then he went to Pittsburgh, where in ten years he built an orchestra almost from scratch to a position among the major symphonies of the country, despite bickering with the manager and a constant turnover of young musicians. ("If you can stay two years in a Reiner orchestra," musicians say, "you will make the grade in any orchestra in the world.") Suddenly, he had no orchestra again.

It was then that the Metropolitan Opera grabbed him up, and his success there is well remembered, beginning with the spectacular *Salome* that was his Met debut.

Yet everyone knew the Met post was less than Reiner deserved. He was long past due for the full directorship of a first rank organization. At 64, he finally found the niche: Dr. Eric Oldberg, newly elected president of the Orchestral association, offered him a three-year contract as music director of the Chicago Symphony.

Reiner took it happily. He had conducted the Chicago orchestra before, as a guest, and he knew what he would have to work with. He knew the orchestra's tradition (he had heard it play in its best years under Frederick Stock and found it reminiscent of the Berlin Philharmonic); he knew its hall and even its audience. He was ready to settle down once and for all to make the kind of music that had always been his goal.

He was the fourth "permanent" conductor the Chicago Symphony had had in the decade following the death of Stock. Immediately, he made a different impression from any of his predecessors.

One of them had spoken in terms of making Chicago the music center of the world; another had talked vaguely of a "golden frame" for Chicago's music. Reiner told the Orchestral association he had three aims: precision, transparency, vitality. His goal would be to achieve one of those in each of his three years. If he could bring about all three, he would consider the engagement a success.

He didn't talk about greatness or beauty, philosophy, education, culture—not even about music as such.

Clearly Reiner saw himself as master of an orchestra; when the orchestra could meet his standard of performance, what would it be making but music? And when it was making music on that level, wouldn't greatness, beauty, culture and the rest take care of themselves? If Reiner thought such thoughts, he never uttered them. He simply went about his business with the assurance and deliberateness born of experience.

"There's no baloney about him," an Orchestra hall official says. "Temperament, sure. He can be demanding and tough. But there's no mysticism, no phony moods, no head-in-the-clouds business. He's right down to earth every minute, and you never doubt where you stand."

This was a relief for the orchestra. According to one of the players' per stories, a pre-Reiner conductor had one day delivered quite a long poetical description of how the French horn player should feel in a certain solo: "Imagine you are in a green meadow, a gentle breeze moves across the grass, the sun . . . etc., etc."

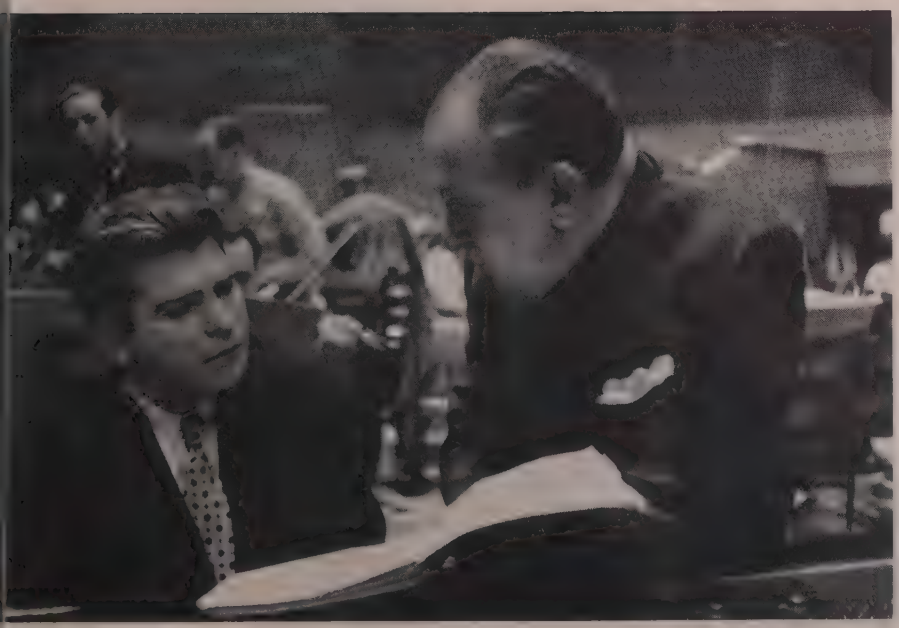
The horn player cut in as soon as gracefully possible. "Just tell me, please," he said. "Do you want it loud or soft?"

No such thing could happen with Reiner. As a teacher, it was his ideal that any pupil of his should be able to stand up before an orchestra he had never seen before "and conduct correctly a new piece at first sight without verbal explanations and by means only of manual technique."

NO TEACHER EVER FOLLOWED more thoroughly his own text. Just to watch Reiner's baton from the audience can be a revealing lesson on whatever music he is conducting. Gian-Carlo Menotti, who was a student at Curtis

The only regular symphony telecast in America is that of the Chicago Symphony every Wednesday night on WGN-TV, sponsored by Chicago Title and Trust company. To this activity, too, Reiner brings his demand for perfection, spending much of the rehearsal time in the control room supervising technical problems of balancing the sounds of his orchestra.

All pictures courtesy of Chicago Symphony orchestra, except two at top of page 37, courtesy of Chicago Title and Trust company.



When Emil Gilels, the illustrious Soviet pianist, toured the United States early this season, RCA Victor won his consent to record by submitting the top bid in terms of musical accompaniment. "Name it," they offered, "and you can have it." Gilels named Reiner and the Chicago Symphony and he got it.

Close community ties, Reiner believes, contribute to the success of an orchestra. Last October he premiered a new work, *St. Francis of Assisi*, for baritone and orchestra, composed by Arne Oldberg, professor emeritus of music at Northwestern, with whom Reiner discusses the score, above. The work was commissioned and sung by Louis Sudler, well-known baritone as well as one of the city's most successful real estate entrepreneurs.

when Reiner was head of the orchestra there, has been quoted as saying he learned more about how music was made in one Reiner rehearsal than he could learn in a month of composition lessons. For the Reiner technique strips music down to its bare essentials of timing and intensity.

He is not carried away by the passion of, say, a Tschaikovsky climax. He is concerned with the precise building of the intensity of sound with the precise timing that will bring the illusion of passion across to the audience.

"The conductor should never perspire," said Richard Strauss. "Only the audience should be moved." That is Reiner's way. Precision, transparency and vitality are his immediate aims. ("Nothing is more repulsive to me than a muddy sound," he says). They will bring the music alive, and if it is moving music, it will move the audience.

In contrast to the elaborate gesturing of a Stokowski, Ormandy, Bernstein or Mitropoulos, Reiner's movements are spare, dry and sharp. Not a motion is made that does not result in a sound; if the proper sound will come without a motion, no motion will be made. Sometimes when the music is at its most furious, Reiner's movements will be at a minimum; the music can go on its own momentum, and it may go more freely and vitally if the orchestra can pour it out without interference from the conductor. When the next important movement of the baton occurs its effect will be doubly strong—and it will be exactly as much or as little as is needed to take the orchestra around the next turn.

If the bass player in Pittsburgh had trouble finding Reiner's beat, there probably was just one reason for it: Reiner wanted him to be looking especially sharply at that instant—and not through a telescope.

A story similar to that one, but with a different twist, came out of Reiner's Met days. In a rehearsal of *The Marriage of Figaro*, the Cherubino, far upstage, missed a crucial entrance. Reiner stopped and repeated up to that point, only to have the entrance missed again. "What is the matter, my dear?" he asked, sympathetically. "Can't you see my beat?" The singer had to confess that she couldn't—indeed, there hardly seemed to be any at that point.

Reiner seemed to understand and began the scene again, now with fine wide strokes of the baton. As the crucial moment approached, however, the beat became smaller and smaller until again it was virtually non-existent. To everyone's surprise (except Reiner's) the singer came in precisely on time. Reiner had made his point. It wasn't a clearer beat the singer had needed, it was a clearer thought.

HE MAKES MOST OF HIS POINTS that way, by understatement and the fewest possible words. His peerless first cellist, Janos Starker, would closely rival Reiner in the matter of composure, and Reiner (in a pot-and-kettle vein) could even tease him about it. After Starker had taken a solo with the orchestra one evening, Reiner saw the cellist's wife, Eva, backstage. "Your husband was so emotional tonight," he commented. "I saw him move his left eyebrow."

The Orchestra hall audience hasn't much of a view of Reiner's own left eyebrow, but the television audience has seldom seen it move. The picture Reiner presents on the podium is that of a detached overseer, more like an engineer than a conductor, supervising a large construction job with cool expertness. Sometimes he seems to be chewing something (actually he often sucks a lozenge or fruit drop to keep his throat from going dry) and that adds to his general air of aloofness.

He surveys the orchestra as if to make certain all parts of the machine are running smoothly. If one cog shows a sign of unsteadiness, he may turn that way and set it right with a decisive look or gesture.

Always he is stern, formal, concentrating. If things are going smoothly and the music is in a buoyant mood, he may be caught in the most expansive and spontaneous of his gestures: Raising his head a little, perhaps showing just a trace of satisfaction, he will put all his weight on one foot and let the other swing out stiff-kneed until it is about six inches off the podium. That is real abandon. At those moments, it may be imagined that something has reminded him of his childhood—a happy time when he loved to follow brass bands through the streets of Budapest.

"This is an altogether different kind of music-making," explained one of the orchestra's musicians—one to whom Reiner is almost an idol. "It's a kind that hasn't been very popular, really. It has none of the sweetness or nostalgia of, say, Bruno Walter. You have to conceive of the idea of making music without joy. It's not that Reiner doesn't love his music and enjoy what

he conducts. But joy is beside his point. To make his kind of music is hard and bitter; he wants the ultimate; the standard is absolute. That way, even when the performance happens the way you want it, joy is out of the question: you know it may not be that way again. Satisfaction, yes, and a certain pride in accomplishment. And a kind of growth. But joy—that is just not part of it."

Reiner, as usual, could put it all more succinctly. Recently, an admirer told him in excited detail how rewarding he had found the Reiner performance of some music of Benjamin Britten. Reiner listened quietly to the description of remarkable balance, timbre, mood. Then he said, without a smile, "Yes, we played that very well."

AFTER A PERFORMANCE, Reiner invariably finds his wife, Carlotta, waiting in his dressing room. Off come the coat, the collar, the stiff shirt; the flannel underwear is stripped to the waist so that Mrs. Reiner can administer a brief alcohol rub.

She is as blithe as he is sober, and their casual conversation can be an amusing interchange of good-humored, earthy chatter and pointed urbane reply, seasoned on both sides with genuine wit. During the rub, Reiner may make some acid complaints of little annoyances during the evening's performance; his wife may warn him that some particularly dull acquaintance is waiting to greet him.

Then, after all backstage formalities are concluded. the couple return

Next to the daily grind of rehearsal, the most routine aspect of the life of a conductor is travel. Geographical instability is part of the trade. Sometimes trips are short ones to Milwaukee or Ann Arbor when Mrs. Reiner gets her maestro-spouse to relax a bit on the train. Sometimes the haul is across an ocean or two. At right, Reiner inspects the recently reconstructed Vienna State Opera House with Karl Böhm, its director. Reiner was the only American conductor to participate in the reopening of the operatic citadel in November. Last month, Böhm reciprocated by coming to Orchestra hall as guest conductor of the Chicago Symphony.

to their apartment home in the Whitehall on Delaware place. A snack there is customary, sometimes with the soloist of the evening's concert for company. Mrs. Reiner prepares scrambled eggs with chives, and there is champagne and perhaps caviar.

"Home" for the Reiners actually is a country estate called Rambleside near Weston, Connecticut. There the conductor has the bulk of his scores, and, more important to a home, his darkroom. And there his wife has her garden. There is a caretaker, Ann, but Mrs. Reiner finds that "the only things that come up are those I plant myself."

As for Reiner's hobby, he has been at it since childhood and still has a picture of his father (a prosperous Budapest merchant) that he snapped when he was ten.

Besides cameras and darkroom, his main diversions are swimming in his own pool and tennis. Even at Rambleside, though, a great deal of time is spent at work. Planning his 20 weeks of Chicago Symphony concerts is almost a summer's task in itself. Juggling the repertoire to fit into some 20 different programs, each running roughly 110 minutes with a 15-minute intermission occurring after about 45 minutes of music, is a tricky business in which certain inflexible pieces are moved here and there and back again in search of the most telling sequence.

It would be convenient, for instance, to have every program begin with a ten-minute overture so that late comers could be seated and settled before the major work on the program. To find 20 serviceable ten-minute overtures would be one impossible task; to find that many 35-minute symphonies to follow neatly the 20 overtures would be another. So some programs must begin with longer works, and some programs will have a 40-minute symphony for their second half, and, of course, there's the matter of soloists: their vehicles have to be worked in with some logic, and at the same time in a way that will make them feel they're being shown to proper advantage.

So Reiner begins with a list of major works he wants to perform and another list of music scheduled for soloists, and he plots out the schedule of the season up to the first of the year. There may be scores to be restudied. There will certainly be new ones to learn. For these he has to search through the many manuscripts sent to him, studying them by sight, at the piano, and with the help sometimes of recordings. ("We didn't have those when I was young; they are a great time-saver.")

During the winter, then, he has a mid-season vacation from Chicago, during which he can return to Rambleside and put the remainder of the season in final shape.

THE REINERS' PLACE in the Whitehall is a suite of two apartments. One living room serves as a place for receiving guests (they are few) and also for sleeping. The other is the conductor's studio, holding a grand piano, a desk and a high fidelity system with large speaker cabinets. On one wall is a picture of the facade of the Dresden Opera, Reiner's first major charge. On another is a photo of the Pittsburgh Symphony as he conducted it in a concert in Canada.

But few things in the apartment are the Reiners'. "It is not home," he says matter-of-factly. "How can it be home? It is a hotel room." Mrs. Reiner adds, cheerily, "But we are used to hotel rooms."

Their daily routine on non-performance days is fairly fixed. They rise at 7 and Mrs. Reiner fixes breakfast—usually scrambled eggs with bacon or sausage. The conductor then makes last-minute preparations for the morning rehearsal of the orchestra and soon is off by taxi to Orchestra hall.

Some days he returns for a simple lunch; more often he finds it convenient to have a sandwich "just anywhere" near the hall, then go back for the afternoon rehearsal.

He returns to the Whitehall at 5 for a brief rest, with a drink of Scotch and a little cheese (or, as a special treat, some home-made German head cheese brought by the orchestra's librarian, Fred Boos). As for dinner, Mrs. Reiner enjoys cooking and is especially proud of her *gulyas* with *spaetzle* (goulash with little dumplings), stuffed cabbage, boiled beef and chestnut rice with whipped cream. But the Whitehall kitchen (actually kitchens—there's one in each apartment) isn't her kitchen, so at 6 dinner is regularly sent up from the restaurant downstairs. By 8:30 or so, the Reiners have retired.

The schedule would be much the same wherever they lived—Pittsburgh, New York, Vienna or Chicago—though Reiner finds it heavier here than it has been elsewhere. There is one particularly local variant: Ordinarily Reiner would shave not long before concert time, but, to escape the chiming of the nearby carillon which plays at 5 p.m., he chooses that time to use his electric razor.

Both the conductor and his wife seem pleased with the city. Mrs. Reiner, whose social life is somewhat broader than her husband's, has found it "a very personal city." She explains the adjective by telling of being stopped on the street by strangers eager to say how happy they are that she and her husband have come here to stay. And once a taxi-driver called her by name and proceeded to ask her advice about pricing pianos. His daughter was going to start taking lessons.

To Reiner himself the city is mostly the orchestra and this orchestra has been a great satisfaction to him. "I have no objection," he announces, "to being here for the next forty years." ■

this is Chicago *a new magazine*

on the occasion of our entrance into the third year of publication, we reprint the editorial prospectus which appeared in our first issue, March, 1954, and again in our first anniversary issue, March, 1955.

In a world where there are already too many publications it is fair to ask: Why another? And if another, why CHICAGO?

The answer to this question, the Editors think, depends on what you believe about Chicago, the city. They have thought of it as a capital city whose five million residents are the nucleus of a midwest population of 40 million. A city which, with all its faults and blemishes, is a prodigy among the world's cities—an awkward prodigy, but one whose lunges into the future may be just as spectacular as its last hundred years from swampland to metropolis.

They have, however, also thought of it in another sense. They have thought of it as two cities. One of them, crude, crashing and boisterous, is famous and notorious: the city of the railroads, the packing plants, the steel mills, the gangsters and the boodlers. The other, which in the long run may prove more real, is often overlooked: the city which has been a principal seedbed of the most important and revolutionary aspects of American life.

This is the city that swindled the Pottawattomies, jacked itself seven feet above the swamp one summer, and gathered the railroads in its fist. It is the city which, when it first acquired one million residents—50 years after its incorporation—counted four-fifths of them as immigrants or the children of immigrants. It assembled its builders from the dispossessed, handed them the blueprints of Jeffersonian democracy and the industrial revolution, then left them on their own. We've been on our own ever since, and in the course of some decades have transformed modern society with the reaper, the skyscraper, the railroads and the steel mills, and have relentlessly debauched the idea of self-government with our slums, our gangsters and our politicians.

Good or bad, Chicago is always starting something new: movies, radio, city planning, television; watching them pack up and move off, and then starting something new again. It's perpetually looking like a has-been, and then triggering a revolution, as in Hull House, progressive education, or the release of atomic energy. It's a seedbed from which the shoots have often been transplanted to flourish elsewhere, but new ones keep coming up out of the same stony soil. For the last 20 years, its own citizens have been talking about the fact that it is finished, falling apart; in the last ten, it has added to its metropolitan area a population equivalent to Pittsburgh's and become the world's fourth largest city and second richest market area.

Subtract what Chicago has given to it, and you wouldn't recognize America. Once, this city dreamed of becoming the biggest and wealthiest metropolis of all, then lost faith in that destiny. Insofar as it gave up the idea of getting bigger and bigger for the sake of getting bigger and bigger, the loss can be borne. It remains one of the three cities, along with Boston and New York, which have made a fundamental difference in the development of the nation—in industry, technology, architecture and social reform, in a dozen fields of science, and several arts. And always, it remains, as foreign visitors instantly recognize, *the* American city: the place where everything most distinctive and colorful in American life, for good or bad, is alive and fighting. It is significant that the same city fathered—and in the same period—the service clubs and the major American radical movements.

The magazine will see its city also as one whose personal drama is being played out against a backdrop of world events; whose outstanding men and women, beginning with Cyrus McCormick, Louis Sullivan and Jane Addams, have been vivid examples of what the West has to offer: a challenge to create abundance, decent conditions of life and neighborliness in the world.

Such a challenge turns back, of course, on the people who offer it: the next decades would be a good time for Chicago to return to some of the ideas it has spawned, then neglected in the violence of its growth, and begin to realize them here.

No magazine has yet used the full resources of contemporary journalism—spot reporting, feature articles, fiction, the camera, the artist's pen and brush—to bring into focus one great city. Not an isolated section of it, not this class or that group, but all its people, in their night-and-daily doings: the industrialists, the technicians, the builders, the scientists, the entertainers, the artists and writers; also the freaks, the eccentrics, the thugs, the prowlers in the lower depths, the million forms of Everyman and his wife. CHICAGO will look at all of them and will find its editorial bias, and its excitement, in doing so.

For us, as Editors, the key concept is Energy: a hopeful energy, localized in the story of what Chicago is and may become.

The focus is on People: who they are, what they do, how they look to the city's liveliest writers, artists and cameramen.

The primary purpose is Entertainment: but entertainment for those who want it with salt as well as sugar, who are prepared to welcome a magazine that, along with a springy step and a sense of humor, has muscles, nerves and brains.

It can be an exciting magazine, an entertaining one, and a useful one. Given time, it may even, as its Editors believe, become a great magazine. ■

Sol Kogen,
the creator of Burton place.

The Nocturne, a key club, is the only non-residential building in the colony designed and built by Kogen.

A remarkable man has created a remarkable group of buildings on an obscure side street near North avenue

There's No Place Like Burton Place

photographs by Rus Arnold

by Edith Roberts

Possibly the most exotic, least indigenous looking architectural work in town is the major effort of an artist so American that he prefers Peter Arno to Toulouse-Lautrec.

The artist's name is Sol Kogen and his masterpiece is a group of studio apartments generally known as Burton place after their location. Remarkable as they are, they have nothing on their creator—a son of immigrants who discovered art at Jane Addams' Hull house, abandoned it to make a quick fortune in business, dropped that career to return to his first love, then doggedly built Burton place over two decades of economic and physical trouble.

Actually, there are two Burton places. The eastern one runs between Lake Shore drive and Clark street and is notable chiefly for the fact that Eddie Bragno, the eminent vintner, has been holed up there for weeks, resisting the efforts of his estranged wife, Mollie, the Boston Store heiress, to expel him from the ancestral nest.

The western Burton place occupies the single block between La Salle and Wells streets, and derives its renown from a presumably less transitory

Betty Jo Kogen, 6, presents a musicale for the delectation of her parents, Sol and Florence. Alcove and mural around piano are typical of Burton place decorative effects.

Group living that doesn't sacrifice individuality is a unique characteristic of Burton place. Site of this conversation is the ornate sidewalk in front of No. 155.

Burton place studios have co ingredients, yet every one is ent, both inside and out. large windows are incorporat contrasting upper level de

phenomenon, the unique collection of apartments designed and installed along most of the street by Kogen and his emulators.

There's a lot to see on Burton place, but few people are likely to see it who don't go there specifically for that purpose: It's narrow; it leads nowhere, and conventional buildings on the corners conceal its inner character from drivers-by on La Salle and Wells streets.

One of the first things noticed by those who actually enter the street is the sidewalk in front of number 155, where concrete abruptly gives way to mosaic tile. A brick wall running along the walk is pierced by an archway giving access to a sheltered vestibule wherein the names of the tenants, including Kogen, are listed and a futile attempt made to give instructions that will result in finding their doorways.

Also set in the entryway is a stone block containing the surprising legend: "Original Carl Street Studios. Erected 1927. Sol Kogen." The audacious design of the dwellings beyond makes it hard to imagine them dating back 30 years, before the street was called Burton place. Faced with common brick and ornamented with contrasting tile and carved wood, they present facades unlike any others in town or elsewhere.

A complex, three-dimensional maze of courtyards, covered walks and enclosed staircases links entrances on several levels. Balconies, panels of glass brick, tile crests, and posters enclosed in wrought iron frames supplement the exterior decor. Inside their ponderous carved doors, the apartments feature floors and walls inlaid with wood, brick, tile and copper; two-story living rooms with windows to match; built-in furniture and fixtures of all kinds; multi-level distribution of rooms, and wood-burning fireplaces of many shapes and sizes. While the units have these elements in common, perhaps the most striking characteristic of the colony is variety. Every stair and passageway leads to a different vista.

In addition to the original building, Kogen owns two across the street, one having more studio apartments and the other housing a private nocturnal rendezvous, the Nocturne. Several other buildings in the block have been developed along similar lines by their owners, often with Kogen serving as an advisor.

ALTHOUGH THE ARCHITECTURE of Burton place falls into no established pattern, it suggests a foreign style to many observers. With characteristic patriotism, however, Kogen vigorously denies that the design originated anywhere but in his imagination.

"It's purely the work of an American boy," he says. "Of course we're always influenced, but I've never followed anybody's style."

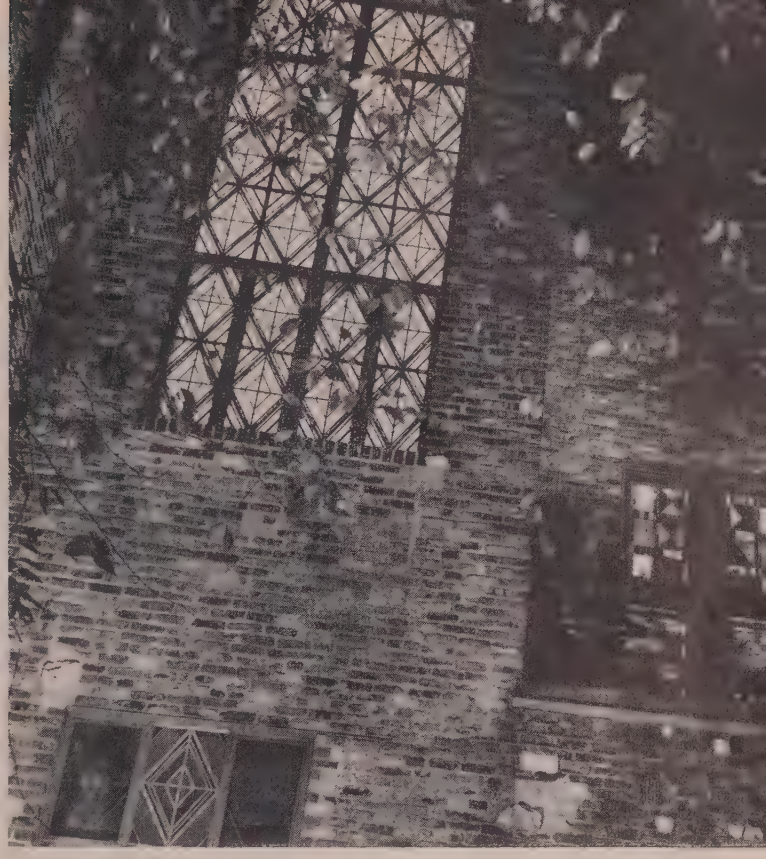
Kogen's especially high esteem for his native land may be due partly to parental influence and partly to the fact that he made so much money in the traditional American way that he was able to retire, temporarily, at the age of 25.

His mother and father were both Russian-born, but old country influence was conspicuously lacking in the Kogen home. This orientation was not entirely due to the antipathy of Isaac Kogen, Sol's father, toward a czar whose anti-Semitic policies had forced him and his bride to leave their fatherland.

"They had a secret hoard of a thousand rubles when they left," says Sol of his parents' migration, "but such was their innocence in a wicked world that they arrived in Chicago on a Saturday in 1890 with only two dollars left.

"They found a cheap room in the neighborhood of 14th and Morgan, and then my father went out to get something to eat. Desperately rehearsing his English, he finally got up courage to go into a grocery store and ask for some bread.

" 'Which bread' the clerk wanted to know, 'bread on the counter or bread



Stained glass windows are set in many of the common brick walls on Burton place. Most of them were designed by one of Kogen's tenants and made at a little factory on nearby Schiller street.

in the barrel?' My father, having no idea what to answer, pointed to the barrel and asked, 'How much?'

" 'How much—he wants to know how much.' The clerk was amused. 'Bread in the barrel, my friend—yesterday's bread—is free.'

"Marvelling, my father went to a butcher shop. Trying to get what would go furthest and be most nourishing, he asked for a soup bone and some liver—and the price. Again greeted by the astonishing information that these two items were free, he could only stammer his thanks in Russian and escape with everybody laughing at him.

"When he told my mother about this miraculous evidence that America was really 'the land of the free,' he said, 'Elizabeth, from this day on, we never again speak one word of Russian in our home.' And where do you suppose he was at daybreak Monday morning? Out looking for a job? No. Waiting at the immigration office to take out his first papers."

By the time Sol, his fifth son, was born in 1900, Isaac Kogen was a prosperous merchant, owner of a little West Side specialty shop carrying the fancy accessories with which women trimmed their clothes in that ornate age.

As far back as Sol can remember, there were laughter, music and bright conversation in the comfortable Kogen home on the Near West Side.

"There were lots of congenial people around all the time," he recalls. "My mother was mainly responsible for that. She invited; my father provided."

Kogen's interest in art also goes back to limits of his memory. "I've been drawing," he says, "ever since I could hold a pencil. In grade school I gained some renown, I believe, for my skill in copying maps."

A MORE CREATIVE USE of Kogen's talent began, however, when he was about 11 years old: he learned that there were art classes at nearby Hull house. Here he came under the influence of two women who had a profound effect on his future—Jane Addams and her lifelong friend, Enella (Nelly) Benedict. The former, Kogen says, taught him to "love everybody" and the latter taught him art.

"I can see Miss Nelly yet," he recalls, "a tiny, dainty woman, scurrying up four flights of stairs, scrambling through the skylight and running across the roof of Hull house in all weathers to reach a little superstructure she occupied for the entire fifty years she lived there.

"Like all students of art, Miss Nelly had the dream of being a great artist, but she became a great teacher instead, and an even greater woman. Like Miss Addams, she not only loved her fellow men, but did all she could to help them."

After he had studied at Hull house for a while, Miss Benedict encouraged Kogen to attend Saturday and summer classes at the Art Institute, where she also taught for many years. In 1917, when Kogen led a rebellion of students against a new regime at the Institute which they thought took too much freedom out of art, Miss Benedict sympathized, almost to the point of losing her job. She and Miss Addams rigged up a studio for five of the young rebels after they were expelled.

"We called ourselves 'The Independents,'" Kogen relates with a smile. "We hired a model and painted like mad till our funds gave out. And all this time Miss Nelly continued to teach us, and Miss Addams was always ready with encouragement. I can still feel her hand on my shoulder and hear her saying, 'That was a nice thing you did, Sol. Keep it up.'"

The year Sol graduated from Harrison high school his parents moved to South Shore and his father retired from business. Somebody had to take over the shop. Brothers Lou and Barney were both studying dentistry; Sam, law, and Harry, music. Their sister, Belle, was still a child. Sol's career was considered most eligible

for interruption, and he was appointed to watch the store.

He put his art aside except for a few spare hours and in six strenuous years expanded the business into four shops in various parts of town, including one in the Loop across State street from the Chicago theater. By 1925 he felt that he had enough money to last for the rest of his life, and he retired.

The erstwhile merchant reverted immediately to his first love. He headed directly for Paris, where he studied art and lived the life of the Left Bank for two years. Kogen's preference for straightforward, representational painting was not altered by his stay among the Continental avant garde. On one occasion he amazed a guide in a museum be refusing to listen to an explanation of an abstract picture. "If it has to be explained, it's no good," he declared.

Nevertheless, Kogen found, on his return to Chicago, that the available dwellings were prosaic in comparison to what he had known in Paris. He decided to create for himself a residence outside the standard pattern, one where an unordinary existence would be not only possible but compulsory.

Not quite as affluent, as he had been before he went abroad, he was still quite able to buy an old wooden house occupying two and a half lots on Carl street. He then set out to convert it into a studio, giving his fancy a free rein which he has never since seen fit to curb. Knocking out floors and walls with abandon, he began creating a home which is still distinctive in this age of more varied architecture and interior decor.

"Of course, some people said I was crazy right along," he recalls, "but not the other artists. They watched what I was doing, and then demanded studios of their own. First I fixed up the coach house for Edgar Miller and John Norton. Then others started coming, and I built studios for them on other parts of the property. Everything was going just fine, until the Crash."

The market debacle of 1929 hit Kogen's finances quickly and hard. Within a few days the design and construction of exotic studios was transformed, for him, from a pleasure to a business. Practically penniless, he was almost forced to give up the whole effort. But by now he had an idea, too firmly fixed to abandon, of a whole community of individual homes, each different, no two doors alike. He felt sure that if he could achieve this aim in a world hell-bent for standardization, he would attract enough congenial rebels to assure him at once a comfortable living and an interesting life.

Thick hand-carved doors are a trademark of the property, each one individually designed by Kogen. The number over the door at left identifies it as leading to apartment 17, the last one at 155 west Burton place.

Covered exterior stairways, right, give access to many of the studios. Patios, below, are used for outdoor lounging and eating during the warm months.

Thus began what Kogen calls "the ten terrible, wonderful years."

"Financing was my biggest and most constant headache," he says. 'Banker after banker would come out to see what I was doing, and they all liked it. But loans? Not a chance.

"So I had to go to work in order to raise money. I'd decorate a night club, remodel a building, redesign it, run it after it was finished, sell a few pictures, anything. From six in the morning every day I was on the run —no time for meals or recreation, just to get money so as to keep on with my building.

"I was forever prowling around for bargains, especially in the junk yards and the shops on Maxwell street. I always went down there with a pocket full of silver dollars: they all knew me and they loved it. They would look for things especially for me just to get those silver dollars — they thought I was the only source."

Kogen had a particular yen for ceramic tiles, especially those imported from England, Holland and Germany. Widely used during the 20s, they became a drug on the market after the Crash when nobody could afford them. Many of the firms that handled them went bankrupt, enabling Kogen to buy their entire stocks for a fraction of the previous value.

As he acquired these tiles, thousands and thousands of them, faster than he could possibly use them, he had to find a place to store them. The building at 155 west Burton had no basement, so he excavated a tunnel that winds like a catacomb underneath it, giving access to utility lines as well as providing a tile storage vault and a home for three gray cats. There are hundreds of thousands of pieces of tile stacked on shelves along the narrow tunnel and in small rooms off of it—more than Kogen or anyone else is likely ever to use.

Also stored in the tunnel are other materials which may look like junk but which take on beauty and utility after Kogen has had his way with them. He likes copper almost as much as tile, and its rich glow in combination with pale carved woods is characteristic throughout the studios.

He obtained most of his copper from old washtubs, buying them in junk shops, then tearing them apart, and beating them into artistic forms. Marble, another common Burton place ingredient, he got for hauling it away from buildings being wrecked.

The extensive use of carved wood and stained glass in the Burton place studios is attributable respectively to Kogen and to Miller, his earliest tenant.

"There was a little glass factory around the corner on Schiller street," Kogen relates, "where we got the glass and where they assembled the windows after Edgar had designed and painted them. We managed to keep that shop busy. Edgar also painted the murals in several of the studios. He did them correctly, too, so they'd last forever, with the pigment mixed right in the wet plaster. He was as excited about the building as I was."

The hand-carved furniture, doors, picture frames and other ornaments in the studios could well represent the lifetime output of one man, and Kogen had to recruit assistance to produce them.

"In the beginning," he says, "I would design a pilaster, or bench or door or whatever was to be carved, and then the regular carver would take over. He was a steady employe for years. He was a trained carver when I got him. But other helpers I had to train myself, and that was a job. If I heard once, I heard ten thousand times: 'It can't be done.' But after a while they'd get interested. It was creative work. Soon, when I'd suggest something, they began saying, 'Okay, let's try it.'

"What we were doing naturally attracted a lot of curiosity, and we had streams of visitors who came to watch and often to emulate. But the gala day was when dear old Miss Addams and Miss Benedict came to give their blessing to their still-struggling art student—by now my early affluence was like some long-vanished mirage."

THROUGHOUT THE 30s Kogen worked at his obsessed pace—then his health gave way under the strain. In 1940 he collapsed with rheumatic heart disease, and the doctor ordered a complete change and rest.

Kogen spent the next five years with headquarters in Nogales, Arizona, getting more of a change than a rest. He traveled all over Mexico during that period, and went back to drawing and painting portraits, an early interest which he had largely neglected while he was working on the studios.

In the ten years since he returned from exile, Kogen has "completed" his studios (he never stops adding a new touch here and there) and designed several others which are scattered around the Near North Side. He suffered another collapse two years and has been taking it comparatively easy since then, although he finds time for adult education courses in psychology and philosophy, as well as perfecting his properties.

Kogen enjoys showing visitors around the capacious studio inhabited by him; his pretty brunette wife, Florence; their six-year-old daughter, Betty Jo (whose six-year-old type art work may be plastered to an ornate

doorway with adhesive tape); a black spaniel named Teddy, and a parakeet, Tweet-tweet. He is especially proud of the way he has saved space and provided a roomy feeling by the use of built-in fixtures. "Look at this," he says, operating a sliding door on the medicine chest in the bathroom, "It doesn't come out and hit you in the face. Some people think artists are supposed to be dreamers. To me, an artist is a very practical man."

Although Kogen insists that the basic framework of the old house on Carl street still exists, it would never be identified in the group of 17 studios that now occupy 155 West Burton Place in an arrangement that combines individuality with a feeling of neighborliness.

This communal spirit is reflected in much group entertaining among the studio dwellers, ranging from courtyard barbecues in the summers to fireplace gatherings when the frost in on the flagstones.

AT 55, THE CREATOR of this physical and social community is a gregarious individual of robust appearance, with flowing gray hair, a broad smile and a hearty voice. He takes as much interest in his tenants as in their quarters, and remembers nearly everyone who has lived on the property. Dave Garroway did so for a couple of years, and Boris Anisfeld, the renowned painter and teacher at the Art Institute, has been around since 1934. Among other current residents are a vice-president of the Foote, Cone and Belding advertising agency, a radio executive, a Northwestern university professor and two psychiatrists.

"I'm a rich man," Kogen says. "Not in money anymore, but I've got a place where I can draw and paint and entertain some wonderful friends." ■

illustrated by Jack Nelson

The Fan Dancer and the Fender

He could see by the wistful blue of her eyes that she was the honest type of girl who would never do a fellow wrong and put chloral hydrate in his beer.

by Herbert Gold

Audrey Sin was not really a fan dancer and her real name was not Audrey Sin, but it was true that she wiggled this way and that for the patrons of the Merrytime Club on north Clark street.

Her real name, the one she had been born with in Mt. Morris, Illinois, had a *-ski* at the end, something like Scarszcinski, now shortened to Sin for business purposes. The "Audrey" came from her first booking, where she had consented to strip the way an aristocratic English lady would do it if she were asked in a nice way.

Now she stripped for the salesmen and the lake sailors at the Merrytime. They billed her as a fan dancer because it was a catchy old-fashioned word, dating all the way back to the nineteen-thirties and the Chicago World's Fair. Deep in her conscience Audrey felt that this gave her an unfair advantage over other strippers.

Audrey would have been perfect for the Merrytime, and secure in her job for as long as her chassis retained the usual texture, consistency and proportions under the purple neon, if she had not suffered from two serious failings. One: she really liked the boys she met, and although she played a lively tune on their pockets, occasionally she went overboard for some Coast Guard farmer or traveler in dental supplies. And two: when she drank, she didn't take colored water like the other girls. No, she insisted on her drink, drank it and got drunk. As Phil Mosko, the manager, told her, the geting soused up was grammatically certain. "It's inevitable," he said. "It's gotta be, Aud, honey."

Pink-haired Audrey with her heavy jigglers, she didn't know grammar but she knew what she liked.

It happened at this point in her career that she admired the drinks and the person of Knockit-two Jackson, fender mechanic at the Hi-State Auto Wash & Car Repair. Knockit-two had earned his name because of his trick of sizing up a crumpled fender, winking and squinting at it, pulling at his nose with two fingers, considering how he would feel if he were an injured fender, picking his spot and giving it a quick whack and then a whomp. Like as not, the Hi-State Auto Wash and Car Repair would then find the fender puffed out and as good as new. All it needed was maybe a touch of paint and wax. He had a genius for this thing; it was a pretty good living, also, since it is something you have to be born with and the world knows how to reward

girls like Audrey with well-functioning glands and outstanding fender mechanics like Mr. Jackson.

Knockit-two loitered near her place at the bar one evening after Audrey's strip. He appreciated her hair, which was as pink and fluffy as carnival candy, and also "her grace, her charm, her del-i-cate stomp," as the M.C. described it when she came rearing and churning down the runway. He could see by the wistful blue of her eyes that she was the honest type of girl who would never do a fellow wrong and put chloral hydrate in his beer.

Audrey liked Knockit-two because she was ready to like a sincere fellow. Of course, he was rather shy except before fenders, and even then only the dented ones made him feel really at ease. "That's a lovely dress, I mean gown, really nice I mean," he said.

"Comes from Hollywood Noveltyco, apparel for show people," she admitted modestly. "The Genuine Oo-la-la Look in After-Dark Entertainment, that's what it's supposed to offer, according to the catalogue.

Nevr-Stik Zippers. The little booklet says so."

"Extremely lovely. I mean snappy, I mean it," Knockit-two said. "Another double shot of the Special?"

"Can you afford to offer me such high-type beverages in this joint, Mr. Jackson? In this club?"

"Make it two doubles," he called out to the bartender. And he said to Audrey: "Just call me Knockit-two, Miss Sin."

Audrey and Knockit-two discovered that they both had relatives in Mt. Morris. When Knockit-two told her what he did for a living, Audrey made a little joke: "I'm kinda in the body business myself." By the third round it became clear that they had been made for each other.

AFTER A FEW DAYS Aud moved into Knockit-two's little place at the Green Glade Efficiency Apartments. Occasionally, plump with pride, she mashed herself into ordinary clothes —not the Hollywood Noveltyco's specialties—and put up her hair so that the pink did not show too much, and the two of them stepped out to a movie just like other folks who don't have a teevee yet. That's how much they loved each other. They dwelled in tenderness, long silences and fond gazing. They considered themselves engaged.

At this point Phil Mosko, manager of the Merrytime, came into their lives, a cigar between his teeth and a clasp with PHIL etched on it holding his black knit tie in place. There is nothing evil to be said of Phil. He took sen-sen for his breath. He had even been known to advance a Saturday's pay on Friday night. As far as he was concerned, when Audrey itched she could scratch herself any place she pleased, so long as she still showed up to rotate and bump for the customers, and then to help them drink afterwards. She was the sun upon which he depended to parch their throats. However, the trouble for Phil Mosko was that Audrey Sin, his star fan dancer, his stripper, you might almost say, was behaving like some giggling townie who had managed to hook the president of the college debating society. She was making mushroom omelettes for Knockit-two, she was ironing his shirts, she was rubbing dandruff remover into his scalp.

"Ja-ever?" Phil demanded.

"Never before," said Audrey. "Love just came into my life, Phil. He's wonderful. He likes my cooking, too, and his hair don't fall so much anymore."

Phil argued that this was immoral behavior on the part of a fan dancer. When Audrey sidled up beside a customer, her coo and flutter did not have the sincerity which coaxes forward a hand to buy the Special. She no longer brought out the beast in men. She was too happy for her job. The Merrytime boys, sensitive to little things like that, lost interest in a girl who did not crave their demonstrations of esteem.

"My, my," murmured Phil Mosko. Love was costing the Merrytime too much money. Phil wanted the Merrytime to get ahead on north Clark street. He called Aud into his office, a box halfway up the wall behind the raised platform which served as stage during the specialty numbers, and said to her: "Mustn't, mustn't." He mussed her up a bit to show her that all men are alike. She agreed with Phil, having learned the lessons of a poor working girl in a man's world. "All men are one and the same," Phil said, "and it's better business that way. Catch what I say? Otherwise you might as well go on back to Youngstown."

"Oh, yes, darling, you're all similar," said well-fleshed, pink-haired Audrey Sin, thinking: Except, Knockit-two Jackson.

"Now what you gonna do?" Phil asked.

"More of the same. Strip for the boys. Drink with them. Collect my ten-cent commission."

"Atta girl," said Phil, patting her where he always patted her. She was figuring what to give Knockit-two for breakfast, ham and eggs, hotcakes with bacon, or maybe some corned beef hash. True love is complicated and involves many such difficult decisions. Still, Aud did not want to lose her job; they needed the money, and besides, Phil Mosko was counting on her talent and loyalty. It would be a shame to let all those Hollywood Noveltyco frocks go to waste.

AUD STAYED WITH KNOCKIT-TWO. Her flesh went on losing the hungry jiggle which used to open the customers' fists. Happiness and fan dancing don't mix. She remained faithful to Phil's place, however, drinking with the boys and not quite sure of her ability to gargle it into the ladies' room and unwilling to wink to Green Louie for colored water because she had the habit of straight dealing with the boys of the Merrytime. They paid for the real stuff even if her career culminated in lushdom. It would be an occupational disease, not ordinary cirrhosis.

At last Knockit-two said: "Cut the job, Aud, I don't like you coming home smelling like you smell, the breath. I been thinking. It ain't good for the organs, all this high living. I can work for us both."

"Not the kind of work I do, friend."

"I mean, so we spend a little less, so what?"

"This way we got see-kyoor-ity," said Audrey Sin.

"Cut it, quit it," Knockit-two argued. "I don't like to anymore, Aud. A woman's place to take off her clothes is in the home. Tell Mr. Mosko you resign."

Audrey Sin leaned on her dimpled elbow and thought and wondered how it would feel to be just plain Annabelle S. Jackson and worried and remembered the boys at the Merrytime and finally, because she really loved Knockit-two, said: "Call me Kitchy-koo, honey. That way it's Kitchy-koo and Knockit-two, all together, just like a poem." And thought some more and added: "But I won't quit my job. I have to think of my career. I like you better than anyone, though."

While Aud was stripping and drinking with the boys at the Merrytime, Knockit-two went out to watch the stripper and to drink with the boys down the street at the Harbor Inn. Lewd Louise, the Harbor Inn's favorite, was a frank and unassuming girl who made no pretense of fan dancing or of being either a Queen, a Belle, or Miss Ashtabula, Ohio, although she had been raised there.

The more Aud stripped and drank, the more Knockit-two admired someone else's Hollywood Noveltyco Frock for After-Dark Entertainment with the Nevr-Stik Zipper. The longer this continued, the less able was Knockit-two to judge a fender and vloomp it out with two genial taps. Sometimes he needed three, sometimes four, and sometimes he had to smash and sweat it out like everyone else. "This show business," he said, "I never shoulda got mixed up with people in show business. How was I to think a fan dancer would act like any old stripper?"

"These squares," said Audrey. "If I had to get myself mixed up with somebody, I shoulda got myself mixed up with a fella who'd respect my profession. I make the boys feel good, why, it's just like the psychiatrist in the new Gregory Peck."

Knockit-two had become so tense that he was losing the knack of vloomping out fenders. Audrey was getting so tense that, while she could still grin, she could hardly shake it. The wiggle and bounce by which she had made so many friends was sinking below the standard set by Phil Mosko's metronome, and even her pink hair showed a greenish tinge under certain lights.

One night the lovebirds had it out.

"Quit it," said Knockit-two.

"No," said Aud.

"Otherwise it's a flop," said Knock-

it-two.

"I can't help it," said Aud.

"We can do without it," said Knockit-two.

"I like working," said Aud. "You cure fenders, I cure sailors. We're both in business."

"What about me?"

"You," said cute pink-haired Audrey Sin. "You," said lovely Audrey Sin, fragrant in her French-type perfume with the matching cologne, secure in her sequined gown with the new E-Z-Flo Zipper. "You," said Aud, fan dancer at the Merrytime, Phil Mosko's place, "you, you're my recreation."

At this moment Knockit-two biffed her right where she spoke these words. He laid one in, then another, just like repairing a fender in the old days. Audrey yelled for pain and yiped for disappointment because she really did like Knockit-two better than anyone else. She kicked him. He biffed her again. She scratched him. He biffed. She tore his hair. He biffed. She hollered.

When the evening was over and Knockit-two and Audrey had used up all the iodine, peroxide, and band-aids in the apartment, they decided to separate on the grounds of incompatibility and gross contusions. "At least kiss me goodbye," she said. "Lotsa people thought we was married." He took her tenderly to him while she took a loose tenner from his pocket.

AUD, HER TWO EYES BLACKED, missed four days of work before mascara could disguise the damage. Knockit-two, shamed and saddened, went to the garage looking as depressed as the worst wreck ever towed into the Hi-State Auto Wash & Car Repair.

Aud, who had lost her faith in the power of love, knew that her career as a sincere-type fan dancer was over. She had always been able to wiggle on the stool because she liked it. She could not drink happily with the boys when no longer happy.

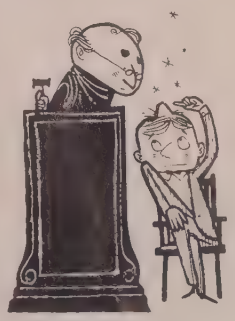
Knockit-two, who had lost his faith in the power of love, plus a tenner, knew that his career as a master fender-poker was over. He had always been a sincere mechanic, putting the bent metal on its honor to straighten out with only a little encouragement from him. He could no longer judge the spot where a pretzelled fender asks to be tapped so that it can vloomp back into shape.

This chronicle may shed some light on two of the mysteries which trouble thoughtful people in these troubled times in north Clark street: Why do so many girls go back to live in Mt. Morris? Why does it cost so much to fix a fender? ■

As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Robert T. Lincoln was appointed secretary of war in March, 1881, thereby becoming the city's first cabinet member . . . Eli B. Williams, who had been a member of the first board of trustees of the village of Chicago, died in Paris at the age of 82 . . . Charles H. Cram, a prominent wholesale house executive and father of nine children, was shot to death in his Lake View home by 18-year-old Willett Seymour, who then committed suicide. Young Seymour had been jilted by Cram's 16-year-old daughter, Hattie, and blamed her parents for disrupting the romance . . . Mayor Carter Harrison led a delegation of aldermen and firemen to New Orleans to celebrate the Mardi Gras and improve North-South relations.

50 YEARS AGO. In March, 1906, Joseph Medill Patterson resigned as city public works commissioner, declaring that he was a socialist and that all of the laws were "ridiculous and obsolete," being designed to protect the capitalist system . . . A city automobile carrying Mayor Edward F. Dunne was stopped by Lincoln park police twice in one week for speeding and being inadequately lighted . . . August Auerbach of the Southwest Side was awarded $10,000 damages as a result of having been hit on the head by a batted ball at the White Sox park in 1902 . . . Cubs catcher John Kling was the star of the baseball holdout season. He threatened to quit the game and open a pool hall in Kansas City unless he was given a raise.



25 YEARS AGO. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, ruler of the religious colony at Zion, returned from his second trip around the world in March, 1931, and reiterated his opinion that it was flat . . . General James E. Stuart, a veteran of the Civil, Spanish-American and World wars, died in his West Side home . . . A wave of riots swept the old and new prisons at Joliet, culminating in the burning of eight buildings at Stateville . . . Albert Einstein took time between trains to speak in German to 400 of his fellow pacifists who gathered in the Union station . . . Several philosophy professors resigned from the University of Chicago faculty, supposedly protesting Mortimer Adler's appointment to their department by President Robert Hutchins.

kitchens become electronic

by Don J. Anderson

Seconds instead of minutes are required for cooking in the new electronic oven shown above, introduced by Hotpoint and available in limited production this spring. Frozen foods in their packages can be put directly into the oven with no defrosting. Bacon cooks in 15 seconds; eggs poach in ten and coffee is ready in 45 seconds. Push-button miracle will retail at about $1,000.

Tomorrow's kitchens won't be complete without the new ultrasonic dishwasher developed by Frigidaire and shown below at the rear. High frequency sound waves do the job, take off even lipstick in a flash. Wire baskets carry the dishes automatically into the bath and through the rinse, hot air dryer and sterilizer. A power-driven pot-scrubber dispenses liquid soap for cleaning large utensiles. (In the same kitchen, a television-telephone permits the housewife to examine groceries in the store without ever leaving the house).

General Electric's unique refrigerator-freezer, at the left, hangs on the wall like a picture or it can be built in. No stooping or bending in the electronic age.

Satin chrome appliances are blended with black walnut and ceramic tiles in Hotpoint's all-electric kitchen. All surface cooking units, base cabinets and appliances are operated by push-button controls, and the kitchen holds such domestic necessaries as a refrigerator-freezer, dishwasher, surface griddle and built-in wall oven.

U OF I
LIBRARY

Each tall storage unit is designed to hold a special item—vacuum cleaner, heavy objects, china or glassware. The mid-counter unit has a drop-down shelf. From the St. Charles showroom.

Seen below, a custom-made, all-wood kitchen from the Coppes-Napanee Co. No standard units here; each kitchen is designed and planned to fit individual needs and problems of space.

For information as to where these items may be purchased, call Service Department, Michigan 2-6570.

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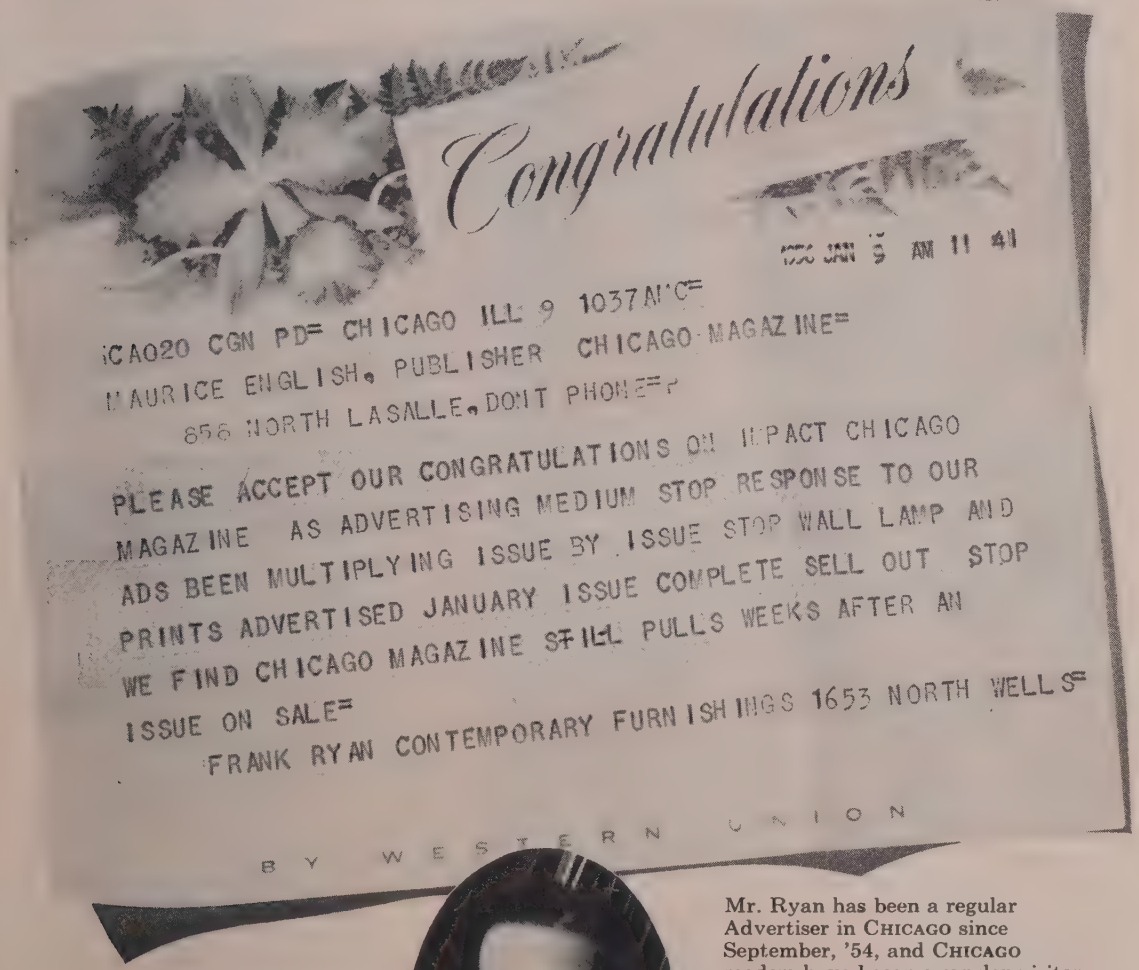
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Mr. Ryan has been a regular Advertiser in CHICAGO since September, '54, and CHICAGO readers have become regular visitors to his store. (See the Ryan ad on p. 11 of this issue).

"I didn't think there were that many people in the city who want to buy prints," added Mr. Ryan when CHICAGO'S sales manager phoned to acknowledge his telegram. "They sold out in three days."

Another pleasant surprise: how far the impact reaches. One couple in his store turned out to be CHICAGO subscribers from Youngstown, Ohio. They arrived with the December issue in hand, and bought enough merchandise by themselves to pay for the Ryan ad in the December issue.

f you, as a local retailer, have to budget our advertising dollar carefully — put it where it reaches customers who are *able* nd *eager* to buy the best.

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onsult your Advertising Agency, or phone ur Sales Department: MIchigan 2—6570

Chicago *Magazine, 858 North La Salle St., Chicago 10*

She shot the ashes off the Kaiser's cigaret

Her name was Phoebe Mozee and she was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860, and she could shoot the head off a running quail by the time she was twelve years old.

Once, at the invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, she knocked the ashes off a cigaret while he was holding it in his mouth.

When she out-shot the great exhibition marksman, Frank Butler, he fell in love with her and married her and they were ideally happy together for the rest of their long lives.

She could handle a rifle or a six-gun with an artistry unsurpassed by that of any human being before her time or, probably, since. And when she appeared with Sitting Bull and other notables in Colonel Cody's Wild West Show, she thrilled your father and mother—not as Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee but as "Little Sure Shot," the immortal Annie Oakley.

Annie Oakley, the poor back-country orphan girl who made her way to world-wide fame, was the very spirit of personal independence. That spirit is just as much alive in our generation as it was in hers. It is among the great assets of our people—and our nation. And it is one very great reason why our country's Savings Bonds are perhaps the finest investment in the world today.

Make that investment work for you! Increase your personal independence and your family's security, by buying Bonds regularly—starting now!

* * *

It's actually easy to save money—when you buy United States Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done *for* you. And the Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish! Sign up today! Or, if you're self-employed, join the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

For your own security—and your country's, too—invest in U. S. Savings Bonds!

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The goalie is the only man allowed to touch the ball with his hands. Ruben Gonsalez of Necaxa uses that method of batting away a shot at his net. Teammate Humberto Rodriguez runs over to help out.

Football with Feet

A melting-pot audience incites spirited play by nationality teams in the indoor soccer league at the Chicago Avenue armory.

by William (Red) Gleason

An athletic, uproarious, digest version of the United Nations convenes once each week during the winter months at the Chicago avenue armory. Ukrainians, Norwegians, Mexicans, Swedes, Germans, Greeks, Poles, Hungarians, Englishmen, Lithuanians, Scots, Italians, Irishmen, Jews, Czechs, Austrians, Yugoslavs and others assemble from all over town on Sunday afternoons to watch a sport that, in most cases, was *the* sport in the lands they left.

Soccer football, one of the ancient games, is the lure from early January into March. New Americans and old settlers make the pilgrimage by the hundreds to watch the players kick away their time in steam-heated comfort until they can take the ball out into the fresh air again.

Starting precisely at 12:40 p.m., and continuing until approximately 5:07, the National Indoor Soccer league presents action that can truly be described as sustained. Ten games are played, with kickoffs scheduled at such times as 1:08, 1:31, 3:05 and 3:55. And when the National Indoor Soccer league says 1:08, it does not mean 1:09 or 1:11.

Each game is alloted 20 minutes, with a two-minute intermission between halves. There is no time out for managerial brain-trusting and there are almost no lulls in the play. On those infrequent occasions when a substitute is sent into the game, he enters and the man he replaces departs so furtively that the transfer would go unnoticed if it were not noted by the public address announcer.

When a game ends the players quickly leave the field and two fresh teams come on. The "warming up" activity that bores spectators at so many sports events is virtually dispensed with. The teams kick the ball around for 20 or 30 seconds; the referee blows his whistle, and the action starts again.

It is not necessary to understand the intricacies of soccer to enjoy an armory program. The sport is not encumbered by a complex rules code, and the indoor game is especially easy to follow. The first-time spectator quickly realizes that the object is for the attacking team to move the ball down the 70-yard-long field and kick it past an acrobatic goalie into a net 20 feet wide and eight feet high.

The action becomes frantic and the crowd hysterical when the offensive team moves into the penalty area, a chalklined box 16 yards wide and 12 yards deep, at the approach to the goal. It is then that the goalie and his three defense men must rise to the occasion.

Indoor soccer proves that high scoring is not necessary for the spectators' enjoyment of a game, a point that modern basketball has forgotten. Scores of 2-1 or 2-0 are common at the armory, but the fans manage to get themselves worked up anyway.

THE CROWD IS OFTEN as spectacular as the game. A handsome, gaily-dressed young Mexican woman walks down an aisle carring a baby. Two lovely blondes hurry through the corridor under the stands talking girl-talk in a Slavic tongue. Family groups are everywhere. The veterans of yesteryear's soccer wars sit together to applaud and to ridicule its modern practitioners.

There is a babel of voices in the grandstand and around the refreshment stands. Many of the spectators do not understand one another, but all understand a soccer maneuver well executed.

The players arrive an hour or so before their game. The native Americans carry their equipment in the utility bags that mark an athlete in this country as a hatbox marks a model. The European immigrants have

their togs in briefcases. There are many briefcases.

Five games are played each Sunday in the major division, the big league of Chicago indoor soccer. Five more are contested in the first division, which corresponds to an AAA minor league in baseball. Of the 180 players who are in uniform on a Sunday afternoon (a team plays seven men and carries two subs), roughly 85 per cent are foreign born.

Each major team represents an ethnic group—the Vikings, Swedish; Hakoah, Jewish; Eagles, Polish; Slovaks, Czechoslovakian; Rangers, Swedish; Falcons, Polish; Necaxa, Mexican; Schwaben, German; Hansa, German, and Lions, Ukrainian.

Generally a club is manned by players of the same ancestry, but there is some crossing of borders. Thus a Brophy plays for the Vikings and a Bucci for the Slovaks. The Rangers, while Swedish-sponsored, have mostly British and Scotch athletes.

The most heterogeneous team is the Falcons, whose roster lists Modlinski, Loro, Petramale, Simpson, Steglinski, Murphy, Abrahams, Reda, Wolanin and Semp. The Falcons also have more American-born players in their lineup than any of their rivals. Rico Loro, Gene Petramale and the Reda brothers, Bob and Frank, played soccer in local high schools. Joe Abrahams is another local prep league graduate, but he learned the game in South Africa.

The Falcons currently have another distinction. They are the most controversial team in the league. Last summer Loro, Petramale, Murphy and the Reda brothers transferred their allegiance to the Falcons after playing through many successful seasons for the Slovaks. Because the players are amateurs and not bound by contract, they can't literally be called "jumpers," but the Slovak rooting section looks upon them as traitorous opportunists.

The defection of Ed Murphy was the unkindest kick of all to the Slovak fans. A tall, slender, seemingly lethargic youth, Murphy is the star of the league. Born in Scotland of Irish parents, he is one of three Chicago players nominated for the Olympic trials. The others are Bill Pawelek and Zenon Snylyk.

Murphy frequently forces opponents to plunge into the dust by feinting with his feet and moving the ball just a fraction of an inch from the rival's shoe. When passing to a teammate, he propels the ball as accurately with his foot as a skilled basketball player does with his hands.

THERE IS MORE to a soccer Sunday than the game and the crowd. After the final whistle the players and their cheering sections move from the armory to the various clubs that sponsor the soccer teams.

The Falcons, for instance, go to their headquarters in Polish Falcons Aerie No. 2 at 1062 north Ashland. On a recent Sunday evening in the club's small bar, the breezy Chicagoese of Petramale, Bob Reda and Abrahams mingled with Murphy's soft voice, from which the burr of Scotland has been removed, and with the Polish-accented English of their teammates Modlinski, Jonca and Semp. In this vestige of the neighborhood sports clubs that once were located all over town, the players rejoiced over a victory and made light of their accomplishments.

"Man, you really busted one," Abrahams said in reference to a shot Bob Reda had blown near the mouth of the goal. Reda shook his head in exasperation. "That's the kind I didn't miss last year," he replied.

Marion Modlinski, the Falcons' capable goalie, commiserated with Reda because Bob had played that afternoon at left wing rather than right wing, his usual position.

The players inspected the bulletin board on which were thumbtacked notices of soccer games, clippings in English and Polish and receipts for the Falcons, most recent donations to Polish relief.

Usually the players and some of their fans dine after a game in a small room just off the bar which is ornamented by trophies won in soccer and gymnastics. A place of honor is reserved for a wooden plaque presented to the Falcons by the Plymouth Argyles when that famous English soccer club played here two years ago.

Because the man who prepares the food for these victory feasts was ill, the club gave the soccer players tickets good for dinner at the Warszawianka restaurant on Ashland near Chicago avenue. Murphy and Petramale with their girls, and Abrahams and Reda dined together in the restaurant, a bright, clean, lengthy place with a counter and booths along the walls. Although the place was crowded, the athletes were guided to a table of honor in the rear.

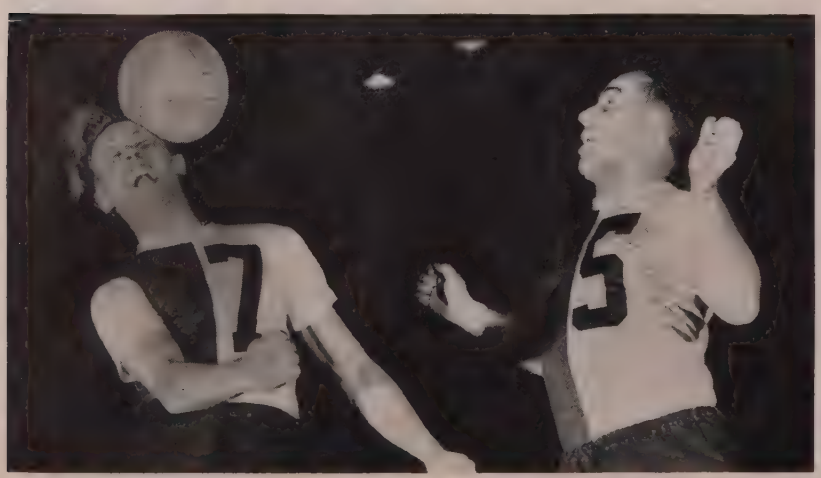
The players and their young ladies discussed boiled chicken, Polish style; Polish sausage with sauerkraut, cutlet Pojarski and other specialties of the house. Then they settled on T-bone steak (five orders) and veal cutlet (one order).

While they awaited their food, the athletes talked about soccer.

"I hated Chicago when I first came over," Murphy said. "I was terribly homesick. I was only seventeen when I left Scotland, and at that age you really miss all your friends. Getting into soccer here was the best thing that ever happened to me.

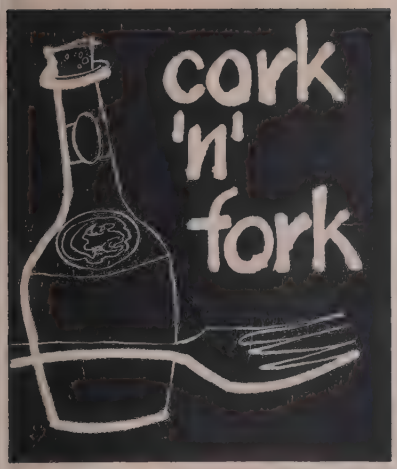
"I looked for soccer for a year. I guess the trouble was I looked for it during the week, when nobody plays soccer in Chicago. Finally one Sunday I was driving near Hanson Park stadium and I saw a man with a soccer ball. I walked in and asked a guy if he needed a player. That's how I joined the Slovaks in '49, and I've been playing ever since."

Reda, who was an eight-letter man at Lane Tech, said, "I don't know if soccer is my favorite sport. I play 'em all, basketball, football, baseball. But it's getting so soccer is the only sport a little guy like me can play. You have to be 6 foot 5 for basketball. You have to weigh 226 to play football. You have to have arms like Kluszewski or the baseball scouts won't look at you. But anybody can play soccer." ■



Using your head to move the ball is an important maneuver in soccer. Myron Dachniwsky of Lions executes it after taking a pass from teammate Bohdan Kuzam.

Pictures courtesy of National Indoor Soccer League



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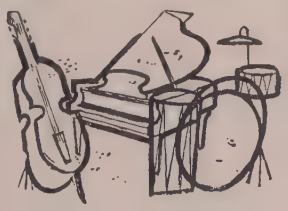

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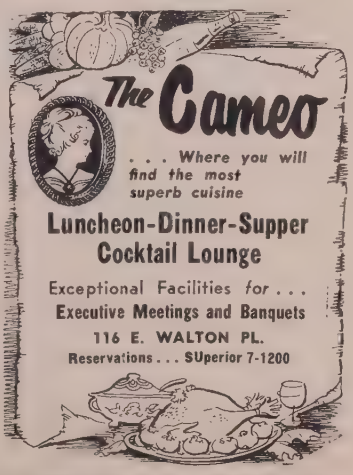
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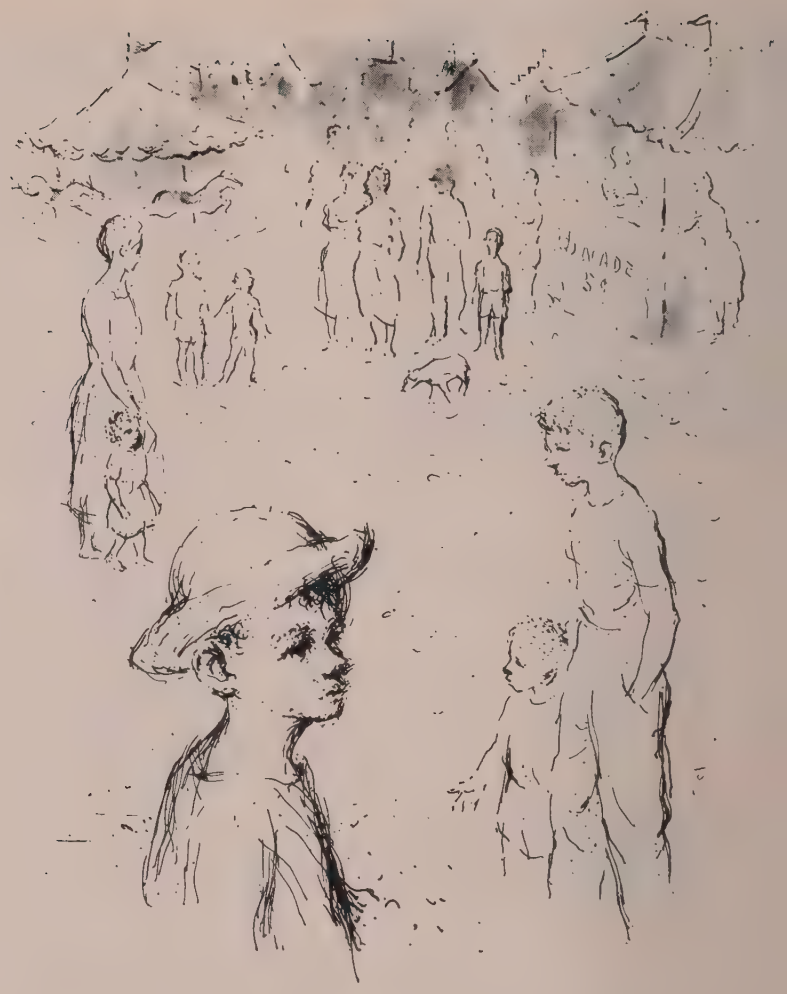
A native of the state's second oldest settlement remembers the Old Salt Works, Gobbler's Knob and caskets in the dining room.

Equality in Egypt

by Charles Moore



drawings by Art Lerner

That part of southern Illinois called, with reason, Little Egypt is largely made up of decrepit hamlets, with populations ranging from 500 to 10,000. My hometown, Equality, is a typical one.

Despite the whim of an anonymous wag who added a zero to the sign at the township limits, Equality is a static community of 800 persons. Their concern seems to be making public domain of each other's affairs, getting "saved" at numerous annual revival meetings and gathering on Main street Saturday nights to discuss alfalfa crops, the need for rain and a forthcoming engagement by a tented group of strolling players called "Zarlington's Comedians" featuring dramatic attractions like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Main street is the only thoroughfare with a name and pavement.

Ask an Equality man his opinion on Argentina: "'Taint no business o' mine." Seek his views about the administration: "Hit wun't mean nothin' to me." Inquire directions to a suburb known as Gobbler's Knob: "Wa-a-l, go out the slab a piece till you get to the depot hill, cross the creek and veer right past Hoot Simpson's place, turn at Horseshoe and go 'bout five mile past Black Riffle."

Nicknames prevail so universally that many legal labels have long been forgotten, even by their owners. There is Deacon Gibson, who lives in a shack with a dirt floor and shares a bed with six dogs; Bow-Legged Dan White, the only Negro in town; other Negroes dare not enter for any length of time, a fact which makes paradoxical the name of the town; H. Grover and T. Y. Willis (the initials are their names), who run a thriving bootleg business in dry Gallatin county; there are Squirrely Davis, Wop Patton, Doo-Die Dempsey, Foots Barnett, Hippo Morris and Tooter Wright. My own dad is known variously as A. K., Jackie, and Jack, and a few persons know that he is officially Alfred Kimbro. Last names come in for a share of corruption, too. A family named McCaughn is known only as "McCathern" and the Cozarts are the "Kzats."

Linguistic vagaries are not confined to names. In our youth we had

"rosnears" (corn on the cob) and "dog" (bologna). A common ailment in those days was "yellow janders."

The township has a colorful history. In about 1800, two adventurers named Temple and Castle found profitable deposits of salt in the region and established a settlement to exploit them. A lively feud still flourishes between Equality and Shawneetown, twelve miles to the east on the Ohio river, each claiming honors as the oldest settlement in the state. County records were rustled dramatically one night from our town to that of the "river rats" and later were destroyed in a mysterious courthouse fire. So the point remains unresolved and should furnish lively debate for unborn generations.

Aside from the Old Salt Works, the historical site of greatest pride is the Old Slave House which, during the Civil War, was used by refugee slaves as a port of entry on the "underground railroad."

Early in the nineteenth century, some suppliants from a new little staking up north called Chicago came down to borrow money for help in getting started. Needless to say, they were refused, because they were much too far from Equality ever to amount to anything. This event is still talked about.

We were a thriving center of 1,800 farmers and coal miners in the twenties, with two banks, two hotels (HOtels), a poolroom, one reputable restaurant, and two daily L&N passenger-and-freight trains—all now vanished. The mines closed, land values tumbled, the depression hit. Those with the energy or the opportunity moved to more fertile provinces and most of those remaining went on relief rolls where they remain.

Dad is the local undertaker or "mortician," as my sister insisted during her Theda Bara teens.

When my father decided, for economy, to move his funeral business into our home, family reactions were decidedly mixed. He placed the morgue next to the kitchen, save for a small hallway which has always been called, for no reason, the butler's pantry. The presence of a corpse in our house, after several days, sometimes creates the atmosphere of a macabre carnival. People wait in lines for the powder rooms; midnight snacks are served; expressions of emotion range from remorse to flagrant exhibitionism; the living room becomes a chapel full of folding chairs and nauseating wreaths. All of this was not without its compensations, however. Caskets in the display room (originally the dining room) made jolly hiding places in children's games.

During his forty years in the undertaking profession, my father has had a virtual monopoly in Equality and surrounding territory. At 75, A. K. is still going strong, his greatest disappointment being that none of his three sons care to inherit and carry on his business.

Equality's cultural and social center in our youth was the Strand theater which showed silent movies. Our family was thrice-blessed in that Uncle Rocky Fink (*his* name is George) owned the theater, my sisters alternated selling tickets, and brother Don printed the weekly notices on his multigraph machine. My other brother, Ted, used to read the passionate sub-titles aloud to Dobey Maxwell, an illiterate 300 pounds of jollity, in exchange for Dobey buying his ticket.

An emotional lady named Azalea (AZ-a-lee) Miller provided extra entertainment with her unrestrained outbursts. As an on-rushing locomotive would threaten to burst out of the screen and into the theater, she would shriek, "Oh, my God! My baby's right in the front row!" At other times, she would weep and wail through *Broken Blossoms* or *Over the Hill* and then, choked up, remark to my mother that she didn't know when she had enjoyed a picture so much. Background music was banged on a tinny, untuned Steinway by a woman ironically named Baldwin. When music to fit the events on the screen was hard to find, she always depended on *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella* as a discreet middle ground.

In September, the street fair came to town, the climax of the year. On Monday morning schools were dismissed for the week. Student bodies would march to Main street which had overnight become a canvas midway with merry-go-round, ferris wheel, tilt-a-whirl, a bingo stand, concessions dispensing questionable hamburgers and pink lemonade, balloon vendors, and a stand manufacturing and selling the sweetest, chewiest taffy ever dreamed by mortal man.

Along either side of the street were the provocative sideshows, off-limits to the younger citizens and therefore unbearably enticing. Signs invited inspection of Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy; Matilda, the Bearded Lady; the Half-Man-Half-Woman; the den of venomous reptiles; the young lady weighing 700 pounds; and the India Rubber Man.

Such, then, was the Equality we knew, and its prototypes abound in Little Egypt. I was convinced that things have not changed much when, on my last visit, I asked an old friend of my mother: "Got your Christmas shopping done, Edna?" "Wa-a-a-l," she whined, "not plumb." ■

The Elevator Man Adheres to Form

Not really the elevator man at Newberry Library

I am reminded, by the tan man who wings
The elevator, of Rococo art. His ways
Are undulating waves that shepherd and swing

Us cupid-like from floor to floor. He sweethearts
Us with polished pleasantries, gallantly
Flourishes us up and up. No casual "Hi's" from him.

His greetings, Godspeedings display his Ph.D.
Aplomb, and I should feel like a cherubim
Be Fleur-de-lis and pastel-shell-like, but

Instead, I vision other tan and deeper much than tan
Early Baroque-like men who (seeing themselves still strut-
Lessly groping, winding down subterranean

Grottoes of injustice, down dark spirals) feel
With such tortuous, smoked-stone grey intensity
That they exhale a hurricane of gargoyles, then reel

Into them. I see these others boggling in their misery
And wish this elevator artisan would fill his flourishing form
With warmth for them and turn his lettered zeal
Toward lifting them above "their" crippling storm.

—Margaret Danner

questionnaire

for businessmen and women

As a person of some standing in your own community, you ma already have a charge account at one or two of your favorit restaurants in the city, but do you enjoy the following privileges

☐ DO YOU GET INSTANTANEOUS AND UNQUESTIONED CREDIT AT LEADING RESTAURANTS, NIGH CLUBS AND HOTELS AT ANY KEY POINT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING SUCH CITIE AND COUNTRIES AS:

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LOS ANGELES	CLEVELAND	HAVANA	HAWAII
MIAMI BEACH	SAN FRANCISCO	LONDON	BERMUDA
BOSTON	ST. LOUIS	PARIS	SWITZERLAND

☐ DO YOU SIGN THE CHECK WHEN YOU DINE A BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE AT HIS FAVORIT RESTAURANT IN A DISTANT TOWN?

☐ DO YOU SEND FLOWERS OR A GIFT SIMPLY BY PICKING UP THE PHONE?

☐ DO YOU GET A CAR AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, WITH OR WITHOUT A CHAUFFEUR, SENT T ANY PART OF TOWN YOU MAY BE VISITING?

☐ DO YOU HAVE THE SECURITY OF NEVER BEING CAUGHT SHORT OF CASH WHEN A CHECK PRESENTED?

☐ DO YOU DO ALL THESE THINGS WITH ONE CREDIT CARD, PAY ONE BILL MONTHLY, AND S HAVE A RECORD FOR TAX PURPOSES OF BUSINESS TRAVEL AND ENTERTAINMENT EXPENSES?

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The Diners' Club Department CG-7
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Phone_____ Own Home ☐ Rent Home ☐ Yrs._____

Home Address_____ City_____

State _____

Company's Name _____

Nature of business_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____

Yrs. with firm_____ Position_____

Bank_____ Branch_____ Regular ☐ Savings ☐

Charge Accounts:_____

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☐ $5.00 check herewith (1 yr.) ☐ Invoice for the $5.00 fee
Card holder assumes individual responsibility with company applicant.
Send bills to: Home ☐ Office ☐ Company ☐

Signature. _____

Signature of executive
authorizing company account_____ Title_____

Meanings emerged gradually, as in the de-coding of old tomb-work.

Job-hunting in the Jungle of Clsfd. Nwspr. Advtg.

by Frederic Laros

SLS. MGR., RELOC. O. T., SPLND. OPPTY. Such fragments, nibbins, broken word-bits, strewn about like a crazy game of anagrams, gave me pause. That was last Sunday, my bad day. I had inadvertently wandered into the classified "Help Wanted" mazes of the *Tribune* and couldn't get out. The curious jargon, a sort of improvised pidgin-shorthand, held me in thrall.

As my eye roved up one column and down the other, my lips moved in a clumsy effort at pronunciation. Meanings emerged gradually, as in the de-coding of old tomb-work. But no dead language, this. The symbols, bristling with a life of their own, rose right up from the page and hit me, hard.

illustrated by Jean Martin

Stunned, I lay down, the victim of hot-and-cold-running imagery and other distress symptoms. In my trauma I was suddenly caught up in the feverish world of hirings and firings. Harried into some infernal mezzanine undreamt of by Dante, I found myself surrounded by doors marked Employment Agency. The doors led to interviewers who in turn led to potential employers. They were all out to get me. Or was it the other way around? I remember applying for one job, then another, and what's worse, being hired on the spot.

Did ENGR., for instance, stand for "engineer," "engraver," or "engenderer?" Naturally I desired a GD. FUT. (even unto the 3rd and 4th gnrtn.), but how rash of me to apply for an EXEC. POSN. in ADVTG., what with such ltd. exper. There was a firm with an IMMED. OPNG. for YNG. MAN. Feeling no particular age at all, I was torn between this and the next lure: INTLGNT., HD. WKNG. MAT. ("mature?"–"mated?") GENT. as APT. HSE. SUPT.

Even should I succeed in bluffing my way into some special line of work–say, edtng. a TRD. JOURN. calling for KNLDG. MLLBL. IRON INDR. plus a BKGRND. of HEAVY EXPER.–sooner or later my imposture would be found out. Still I had to brazen it out and lb. the pvmts. in answer to each new summons. More often than not, I had the misfortune to be engaged, at a HNDSM. SAL.

The nature of my duties being none too specific, I was generally able to muddle through the first hour or so, busily shuffling a stack of papers on my desk. Then suddenly, under the gaze of some formidable superior, my knees turned to Jello, a trapdoor opened and I tumbled into another interview.

Certain sagas of Dickens have fixed in my mind an image of the lowly clerical drudge–one all too readily evoked by JR. CLK., IMP.-EXP. FM. –GD. AT FIGS. If ever it came to sorting figs, I guess I'd go sth. and become a bchcmbr.

"Aller Anfang ist schwer," my old German prof. used to say until we were sick of it, but he was right. This dormant dread of beginnings *(Anfangsangst)* is something which long experience under the wheels of commerce has never diminished. While it can still rise to smite me, I must never open Classified Material. Best not to think of changing jobs, either, but stick with the one I have held for yrs. & yrs.–namely, that of interviewing trainee-applicants for this A-1 CO., which never resorts to clsfd. nwspr. advtg.

I love the serenity that results, five days a week, from the unchangingness of my work. Tomorrow A.M. they will troop in as usual, the YNG. COLL. GRADS., and I will promise them all a BRT. FUT. with RPD. ADVMT., adding that OPPTY. strikes but once in the same place, thnk. Hvn. ■

Still I had to brazen it out and lb. the pvmts. in answer to each new summons.

Readers & Writers

Second Installment

Sir: Clever editors are they who print the husk of a criticism but delete the kernel, which in a letter criticizing the October article on gangsterism [Readers & Writers—January] was the statement, "an affront to decency and an insult to CHICAGO readers."

Me? I am just a consumer who prefers undiluted criticism. Yes, clever editors know how to "edit."

I still enjoy Chicago in spite of the criticism, and have never yet observed any of the obscene pictures that offended another critic.

GEORGE SYPE.
Oak Park

Reader Sype did not differentiate between the kernel and the husk of his earlier letter, so we had to use our own judgment. We took the further liberty of deleting "Happy New Year" from the present one, considering it more of a husk than a kernel, albeit a welcome sentiment.

High-Lowbrow Writing

Sir: You slur the reputation of a fine newspaper. ["Knight and His *Daily News*"—November] One does not have to lower himself to read the *News*. If the 18-syllable words are noticeably absent (and I will not concede this completely) this does not mean that the paper is written solely for those with a two-penny vocabulary. It means merely that the two-penny vocabularists can sit next to the PhDs on the Howard Street L and enjoy the same paper.

ENSIGN RICHARD T. GRIFFIN,
Honolulu

Cicero Santa

Sir: Volume 2, number 10, page 5, of the December, 1955, edition of CHICAGO, a picture of a Santa Claus with caption, "Whaddaya expect in Cicero, Monty Wooley?" This can be the start of writing an article against the town of Cicero. Too many magazines are degrading this second largest manufacturing district in Illinois. Per population, we have less crime than communities smaller than ours. In 1957 we are to celebrate our 100 centennial. In 1956 the Democratic convention is being held in Chicago. Hoping you keep publication on clean side in referring to Cicero.

WILLIAM J. THOMAS,
Cicero

Moved by Till Case

Sir: Friends of mine sent me your November issue in which you cover the Till case. Allow me to thank you, and congratulate you on an excellent piece of reporting and on a moving and just interpretation of the facts.

RICHARD CIANFARRA,
Santa Barbara, California

Vindicated

Sir: I'm not accustomed to writing fan mail, but do want you to know that in at least one opinion your magazine is one of the finest recent happenings in the periodical field. I've watched it prosper when common opinion said it wouldn't, and been pleased to have justification for my present "I told you so" attitude.

JANE HOWARD,
Winnetka

As in "The Mailman Always Rings Twice"

Sir: In the dog story by Victor Ullman ["It's All in the Training"—January] the pooch bites a *postman*, and justifiably so, for canine instinct sensed a stranger in a British *postman*. If he had been an American *mailman*, the dog wouldn't have bothered him.

BAG TOTER

Convict's Idea For Curbing Crime

Sir: I just finished reading Len O'Connor's article in the January issue. I liked it very much. I had heard his broadcasts of "They Talked to a Stranger," so I was well prepared for his article. One thing struck me probably more than anything else in the piece; his almost hopeless tone so clear in the last three paragraphs.

I think I've got an answer for the big question O'Connor doesn't ask in those paragraphs.

I'm the answer to the hotshots, to the guys driving the sleek convertibles, to the hypes wearing the Borsalino hats. Me and others like me. Guys who've had it, who've been through the mill, who've had the payoff after the convertibles and the Borsalino hats. Guys who can talk the language these kids understand, the language that creates an immediate bond, the language the social workers, bank presidents and Brooks Brothers citizens do not understand. It was guys like us who gave these kids their goals in the first place. So why not the same guys to destroy these phony idols, expose them for what they are?

We'd have to be sincere, and that's the rub, because only we can decide just how sincere we really are. We'd have to learn, as I have, that if we did carry the message, we'd be helping ourselves as much as we'd be helping those kids.

GORDON SHELLY.
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There's Only One Muller

Sir: Your article on presenting unknown talent in music is excellent. ["Good Music Is More Than a Merchandising Proposition—November"]. I'm not a musician, just a listener, but realize how remiss we are in not giving newcomers a chance. U.S.A. is name-crazy.

Glad to see that Officer Muller page. We need more civic courage like that. Also, the Till case caught my eye. CHICAGO magazine should air the three-boys killing, too, which appears to have politics block justice. Not so good when news like that travels around the world.

HATTIE FORD

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94th Year

Contributors

The cover picture of Mayor Daley riding a horse while campaigning in the Stock Yards is by United Press. The background art appeared on CHICAGO's first anniversary issue last March, and also on a prenatal sample issue published in 1953. It will also be on the third anniversary issue in March, 1957; the fourth anniversary issue in March, 1958, and so on and until the Water Tower and/or the Palmolive building are torn down.

The author of *Adolescence in Hyde Park*, Steve Allen, needs an introduction like he needs a spare time hobby. However, it may be news to some that he is a writer of fiction, non-fiction and songs, as well as a quick-witted television performer, a musician and the lead in the movie version of Benny Goodman's life. This is his first published poem, but not for long. A book containing more will come out in the fall.

What makes Fritz Reiner a great conductor is analyzed by Irving Sablosky, the learned young music critic of the *Daily News*.

The first year of Mayor Daley's administration is evaluated by Gerry Robichaud, an editorial writer for the *Sun-Times*.

The Fan Dancer and the Fender Mechanic is the second CHICAGO contribution of Herbert Gold, who teaches English at Wayne university in Detroit and writes a lot of short stories and novels. His *How Moon Began to Shine* appeared in June, 1954. He will publish a new novel, *The Man Who Was Not With It*, any day now.

Edith Roberts, who wrote about Burton place, lives there and works as a press agent for the Chicago Heart association.

Equality in Egypt is appreciated by Charles Moore, who used to live there, but fled to the more prosaic milieu of the city several years ago. He is employed as a clerk by a trucking company.

William (Red) Gleason, the author of *Football with Feet*, is in the sports department of the *American* and has done considerable free lance magazine writing on athletic subjects.

The mysteries of the classified advertising tongue were explored by a linguist and humorist named Frederic Laros.

Mike Rivise, a free lance writer and patent collector, assembled the data on *Our Forgotten Scientists*.

The Onion Patch wasn't written at all; it just growed.

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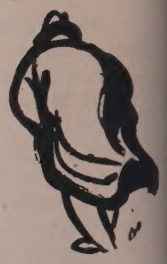
The Onion Patch



It all depends on what paper you read—if you want to find out how Pancho Segura talks, that is.

When the celebrated Ecuadorean tennist and ad libber performed here last month, David Condon's column in the *Tribune* quoted him thus: "When we arrive to Chicago where Pancho is well the hero with many the friend and gets so much the picture in the paper, leave to Pancho the publicity for your tennis matches at Northwestern the college. And everything is the headlines without paying the publicity mans Petritz too many the money."

The next day Segura miraculously discovered English grammar in a story in the *Sun-Times*, where he was said to have declared, "Trabert was within one point of winning two other matches, but each time Tony missed a passing shot by a whisker and Gonzales rallied to take the match. Actually, Trabert's performance has been remarkable when you consider he's had to adjust himself to playing indoors on a canvas court under artificial light, while Gonzales has been playing under pro conditions for more than five years."

Apparently somebody interviewed Segura and somebody else talked to a press release.

THE RACKETS have been with this frontier town for some time, and it isn't likely that we'll get rid of all of them before next St. Valentine's Day. It may not even be wholly desirable. There are a lot of citizens who like to pledge financial allegiance to this or that horse without traveling to a race course, and quite a number who enjoy having a drink outside the 21-hour period set aside daily for that purpose. Neither of these practices directly inconveniences the non-participant, although, as has been pointed out on occasion, they do tend to corrupt the police force—a process somewhat akin to teaching a cat to eat fish.

If there are two sides to the handbook and late lounge questions, it is hard to find a similar dilemma when the car towing racket is considered. This one comforts nobody but a few wealthy garage owners and their political contacts; it hurts thousands of motorists and belies the whole idea of government serving society; it should be stopped right away.

The basic structure of the dodge is this: When the city or the park district wants to whisk a number of cars off the street, like for cleaning or snow removal, one of a few favored garages is called and condescends to tow the offending vehicles away at a stiff fee. The owner can recover his wheels by the simple procedure of searching, paying and enduring discourtesy over a period of several hours.

That is the fundamental nature of the car towing racket. Some of the details of its operations are even more piquant. A few months ago one of the garage owners who has a towing contract was arrested for attempting to bribe a traffic policeman. For reasons that were never made clear, the charge was reduced to disorderly conduct. Although he was convicted, no public official has been recorded as suggesting that he might not be the best possible person to receive municipal contracts. It may not be incidental that the same contractor was sponsored for membership in an "exclusive" club by a police lieutenant.

Aside from specific indications that car towing is not the most savory of governmental services, there are serious broader questions of its relationship to basic American doctrine and the spirit of the law.

Hiring private firms to do what is essentially law enforcement work is not very much different from selling them the government's police power, and that's something like hiring mercenary soldiers, and we showed how we felt about that one Christmas when George Washington paddled across the Delaware and crashed the Hessians' victory party.

If the city and the park district are going to keep grabbing cars, they ought to buy their own equipment and do it on a non-profit basis. But they probably shouldn't do that either, at least not in the present sneaky way.

If a man's home is his castle, his car, in this era, must be his bungalow. It's the dearest piece of property most people have, and it should have some kind of preferential status as long as it isn't being used as a weapon. When the city wants to tear down a house to build an expressway, it doesn't just come along with a ball and crane and start swinging. It gives notice; it negotiates, and, if necessary, it goes to court, where the property owner gets a hearing.

It isn't suggested that a parked car be given all these privileges, but there ought to be some sincere effort to notify an owner that his sedan is about to be seized. Actually, that's supposed to be one of the rules of the racket, but hardly anybody has ever heard of it being observed.

There's at least one more reason why the car towing racket needs to be curbed, and it's a rather compelling one—many neighborhoods just don't have room for all their cars. When the city solves that problem, it will look better telling the beggars which spaces to choose.

THIS IS THE MONTH when the folk from the land of saints, scholars and scamps gather to honor the leading representative of the first category. St. Patrick's Day finds the wealthier Hibernians assembled at the Irish Fellowship club dinner and the more modestly fixed ones at the Harp and Shamrock society's party.

The latter event tends to be considerably more raucous than the former, but that was not uniformly true last year. In 1955 the national holiday fell after Mayor Daley had defeated Mayor Kennelly in the primary and before he vanquished Bob Merriam in the election. Daley and Kennelly were, of course, among the Gaels at the Fellowship club affair, and they were, naturally, seated far apart. Kennelly blanched and Daley blushed when singer Phil Regan casually suggested, over the public address system, "Mayor Kennelly, you ought to get behind Dick Daley; he'll make a wonderful mayor."

A RECENT EDITORIAL in the *Sun-Times* began, "Up until a few days ago we had the naive idea that Americans drive their cars on the right-hand side of the road because most of us are right-handed." Presumably the paper also entertained the even more innocent notion that the British are largely southpaws. —A. W.